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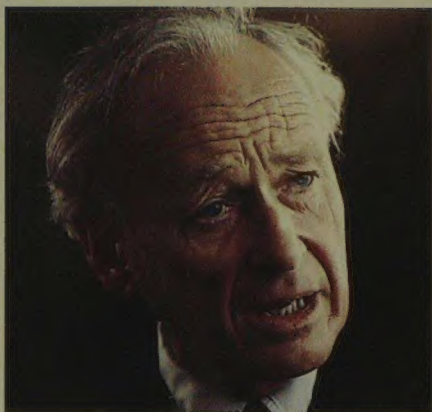
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Special Projects Editor Alex Finer
Art Director Jeanette Collins
Picture Editor Bryn Campbell
Senior Designer Jo Plent
Production Editor Margaret Davies
Sub Editors Joanna Willcox
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NICKY HORNE BEAR ATTACK

Chicago plays Dallas at Wembley

The success of American football in Britain both on television and on the playing fields took me by surprise. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that nearly seven million people would stay up into the small hours to watch *Superbowl 29*, and that nearly 200 teams would be now playing American football in this country. It is remarkable how a "minority" sport shown on Channel 4 has captured the imagination of the British public.

We are now about to see the crowning glory. On August 3 the Superbowl Champions, the Chicago Bears, play the Dallas Cowboys on the hallowed turf of Wembley Stadium. There have been two previous American football games at Wembley, but for the first time the American National Football League, which governs the sport worldwide, is promoting this game and if all goes well it should become an annual pre-US-season event.

So, who to watch out for? Among the Bears you cannot miss the 23-year-old multi-millionaire superstar William Perry, known as "The Refrigerator". At more

than 20 stone this man-mountain can block three men at once. When he is on the move nothing but a Sherman tank can stop him. The Bears have a fine quarterback in Jim McMahon (pictured above, making a Superbowl touchdown)—he is not only a gifted athlete but also has a healthy disregard for authority. Watch out also for Walter Payton, the Bears' talented running back—for years he *was* the Bears and has broken almost every record in the book.

As for Dallas, they do not have the stars but they do have excellent players. Danny White, their quarterback, can blow hot and cold. Ed "Too Tall" Jones has an agility which for a man of his size (6ft 9in) is astonishing. Watch out for their coach, the enigmatic Tom Landry—if he smiles it will be the first time in living memory—and I do not expect him to do so as the Bears should maul the Cowboys and win with ease.

Nicky Horne is a presenter of Channel 4's *American football show*. Highlights of this game will be shown on August 3, 10pm-midnight & Aug 4, 9-10pm.

The crunch on South Africa: the future of the Commonwealth could be at stake when the heads of government of Britain, Canada, Australia, India, the Bahamas and Zimbabwe meet at Marlborough House from August 3 to 5. They will consider the report of the Eminent Persons Group on South Africa and, it is expected, hear how Sir Geoffrey Howe's peace mission is proceeding.

TOP TENOR

Luciano Pavarotti, who is this year celebrating the 25th anniversary of his debut on the opera stage, appears at Wembley Arena on August 5 with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in a programme of excerpts from some of his best-known roles. It is one of a series of concerts he is giving in sports arenas all over the world, his aim being to reach as large an audience as possible in his celebratory year. The recent enlargement of Wembley Arena means that he will regale 10,000 of his British fans with favourite arias from Verdi, Gilea, Giordano and Puccini.

Pavarotti first appeared in 1961 as Rodolfo in a production of *La Bohème* in Reggio Emilia, the first prize in a singing competition held in the region. It was in this role that he subsequently made his debuts at Covent Garden, at La Scala, Milan, the San Francisco Opera and the Metropolitan Opera, New York—and this summer in China. Throughout his career he has wisely restricted himself to the *bel canto* repertory for which his essentially lyric tenor voice, with its effortless high Cs, is ideally suited. M.D.

Luciano Pavarotti, Wembley Arena, Middle (502 1234), August 6, 8pm.

SOLO SHAKESPEARE

J.C. TREWIN

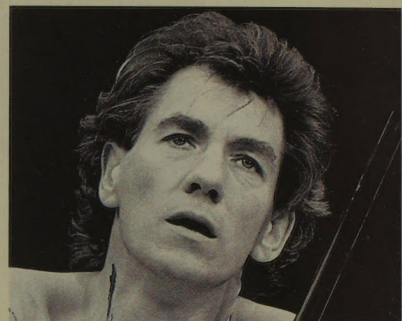
Ian McKellen performs for action on AIDS

Late in 1963 John Neville opened the new Nottingham Playhouse with a production of *Coriolanus*. Many will remember the performance of an actor named Ian McKellen, then aged 24, a sinister Aulidius—spoken with urgent certainty—who might have come from a Seton Merriman novel.

Twenty-three years later, McKellen is to give the only two British performances of *Acting Shakespeare* at the Olivier on August 31. This anthology has received great acclaim whenever McKellen has presented it in 32 foreign cities, including New York and Moscow. Proceeds will be shared between Action Against AIDS (the Terrence Higgins Trust) and the National Theatre Studio. After the triumphant reception in New York, a critic said that, within seconds, McKellen *was* Hamlet and Polonius, Hal and Falstaff, Romeo and—"hard as it may be to believe"—Juliet.

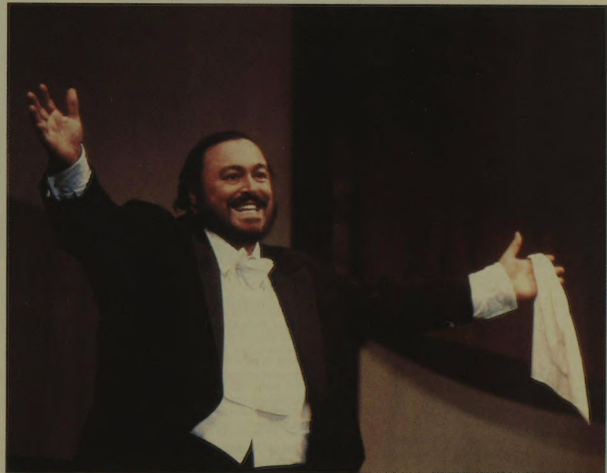
McKellen has an actor's supreme gift, that of approaching the near-impossible as though it were all in the night's work. He has not often been as extended as in this astonishing progress through the classics, marked both by emotional quality (you can hear the text precisely enunciated in the full tide of emotion) and by an apparently effortless humour.

He has acted for the National and the RSC, and in the West End. Almost always he has left me with an indelible memory of a scene or speech. There was the end



of the banquet in an RSC *Macbeth*, with Judi Dench; Edward II's death at the climax of Marlowe's tragedy for the Prospect company in 1969. Puff in the National's recent resurrection of *The Critic*, with feet that seemed hard to touch the ground, an example of suspended animation; a magnificently virile 1984 *Coriolanus* (National), above, which

showed how far he had travelled since Aulidius; and, both comic and tragic, a Chekhovian schoolmaster (*Wild Honey*), caught in the toils of infidelity. There he had to compete with a train; but, for Ian McKellen, that was a minor challenge. *Acting Shakespeare*, August 31, 3pm & 8pm. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).



N NOUVELLE PERFORMANCE

ALEX FINER

First night for the Japanese steel-grill chefs

A chain of Japanese restaurants new to Europe makes its debut in London's Swiss Cottage on August 14. Benihana restaurants are the brainchild of Rocky Aoki, a 48-year-old Japanese former Olympic wrestler, who has already conquered America with his highly theatrical concept of dining.

The cuisine at Benihana (which means red flower in Japanese) is loosely based on *Teppanyaki*, steel-grill cooking. Steak, chicken, prawns, scallops and lobster tail are the principal ingredients, grilled with a minimum of oil and served with salad, matchstick vegetables, rice and green tea. The gimmick is that the chefs prepare and cook the food on a heated section of your table, displaying their chopping skills on the vegetables and juggling with the condiments in a remarkable culinary performance.

If the Swiss Cottage branch manages to emulate the Californian Benihanas I have tried, it will provide both an original and an entertaining evening. London customers will sit in groups of up to eight people at one of 14 "hibachi stations" in a décor that includes a waterfall and is intended as a mixture of hi-tech and Japanese tea-house. Set menu prices for dinner, excluding wine or saké, will be from £11 to £25, with lower prices at lunchtime and for children.

Rocky Aoki, who will be in London for the opening, launched his first Benihana in New York in 1964 and now has 80 outlets in Japan, Canada and the United States where, last year, the chain was voted the nation's most popular family restaurant. He has developed a lifestyle befitting a multi-millionaire as a champion backgammon player, an offshore-powerboat racer and a hot-air balloonist in which capacity, with three other aero-



nauts, he broke the long-distance ballooning record in 1981 by crossing the Pacific for the first time.

If the enterprising Mr Aoki's plans pay off, the Swiss Cottage Benihana will be followed by two further London

branches and restaurants in Holland, West Germany and France.

Benihana, 100 Avenue Rd, London NW3 (586 7118, 586 9508/9). Mon-Sat noon-2pm, 5.30-11.30pm, Sun noon-3pm, 7-11.30pm.

H HOOFING IT

J.C. TREWIN

Song and dance for Maureen Lipman

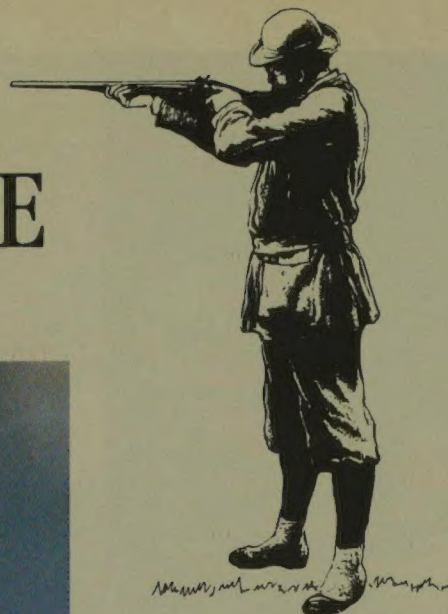
Maureen Lipman has the enviable quality of being a cheerfully unselfconscious comedienne. In her first starring part in a musical, she opens on August 7 in Leonard Bernstein's *Wonderful Town!* which dates from 1953 and is only now receiving its West End première. The town in question is New York, where two sisters from a distant state must adjust, more or less, to city life.

Since her beginnings at the Stables, Manchester, Maureen Lipman has done a great deal in a fairly brief career that has included parts at the National (she was in Michael Blakemore's production of *The Front Page*) and for the RSC at Stratford (surprisingly, Celia, with the Rosalind of Eileen Atkins, in *As You Like It*). She is

best known for her roles as an unlikely spectator at a cricket match in Richard Harris's *Outside Edge* when she was a suburban Amazon with a drily sceptical point of view and a husband half her size, and in the 1984 revival of Philip King's farce, *See How They Run*. Then, as an all-too-easily inebriated spinster, her legs appeared to take on a life of their own.

Still, her comic inventions have never been confined to her limbs. All her people, thanks to her relishing sense of character, have been most individual and, in their context, as credible as resolution can make them.

Wonderful Town! opens August 7. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).*



The Glorious Twelfth—the start of the grouse-shooting season—attracts sportsmen from all over the world, many of whom pay up to £1,000 for the privilege of bagging the red grouse which is unique to British moorland. The season is expected to be patchy (an added concern this year being radiation from Chernobyl) but the race will still be on to serve the first grouse in London. To be at its best, the bird should be hung for three or four days before being eaten.

The Norsemen ruled Orkney for 700 years. Then they pawned it for a princess's dowry and the islands' unique spirit came into its own.

It was 1468 and Europe was in turmoil. But King Christian I of Denmark was a realist.



The prosperous, strategically important Islands of Orkney were becoming

difficult to defend against the marauding Scots.

So although his Viking forebears had controlled the islands

gold was agreed. But in the absence of the full amount in cash, the Islands of Orkney were pledged, to be redeemed at some later date.

Yet they never were.

Time and again for the next three centuries, the Danes attempted to repossess the islands, while the canny Scots obstructed and prevaricated.

Only about 1750 did the Danes finally lose heart for the claim, however much they still coveted the islands' wealth.

In 1798 distilling was officially established on a hill just outside Kirkwall, from which the single malt whisky made there took its name: Highland Park.

To this day, the secret artistry which creates the unique character of Highland Park is as jealously guarded as ever, handed down from generation to succeeding generation.

For the Danes, however, knowing that the ancient traditions of Highland Park are so lovingly nurtured must be small consolation.



for over 700 years, the time had come for a tactical withdrawal on the best possible terms.

A treaty was drawn up under which Christian's daughter, Margaret, would marry James III of Scotland.

A dowry of 60,000 florins in

For they knew well that by then the Orcadians – an independent-minded community with as much Norse blood as Scots – had begun to distil a magical spirit from the simple local ingredients of malted barley, local spring water and Orkney peat.

But their loss is our gain.

And once you've tasted Highland Park, you'll know how much they're missing.



**HIGHLAND
PARK** ORKNEY

The single malt Scotch whisky from the Islands of Orkney.

More than a million people are expected to attend this year's Notting Hill Carnival which celebrates its 21st anniversary on August 24 and 25. Starting at about noon, the procession moves off from Ladbroke Grove each day. Throughout the Carnival bands will perform on "live stages" at Powis Square and Portobello Green.



PETER HEPPLÉ

RHAPSODY AT THE RITZ

Michael Feinstein sings George Gershwin



For Britain's growing army of show tune fans Michael Feinstein is the latest "in" name. Not that he is a Broadway veteran—he has never appeared on a musical theatre stage in his life. He is a classic case of an *aficionado* who turned into a performer.

"When I was a kid," says the personable young man from Columbus, Ohio, "and other kids were listening to pop music, I was listening to my parents' records of Al Jolson and Beatrice Kay." But the first tune he remembers hearing was "Rhapsody in Blue", which led him into a lifetime infatuation with the music of George Gershwin. Moving to California at the age of 19—he is now nearly 30—Feinstein got an introduction to Ira Gershwin, George's brother and lyricist, and immediately found himself in charge of Ira's enormous store of Gershwin memorabilia.

Feinstein is probably the world's leading authority on the brothers, enough to

set him writing what will undoubtedly be the definitive work on Gershwin music when it is completed.

Following Ira's death in 1983, Feinstein set about interpreting the songs in a way he knew would have pleased his mentor, and doubtless George as well. He has treated them not in the coy, rather effete fashion of the 1930s, but in the almost high-art manner they deserve, bringing out the beauty of the melody and all the sly wit and often deep feeling of the lyrics.

He sings them effortlessly and naturally, in a voice posed halfway between baritone and tenor, with perhaps just a trace of Mathis-like vibrato. With any luck Ritz patrons will share the enthusiasm of their counterparts at New York's Hotel Algonquin.

Michael Feinstein. Ritz Hotel Restaurant, Piccadilly, W1 (493 8181). July 21-August 29. Mon-Fri 9.15pm & 11pm. Peter Hepple is Editor of The Stage.



N EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH AIVE KAPO

The pastor paints religion

Pick of the month artwise is the exhibition of Jamaican Intuitive Painters at the Commonwealth Institute. "Intuitives" is another term for what are usually called naïve artists. Jamaican artists, unlike their better known Caribbean neighbours from Haiti, have received little attention. But, like the Haitians, the Jamaican untrained painters find their inspiration in a syncretistic culture—part European, part African—with a religious base.

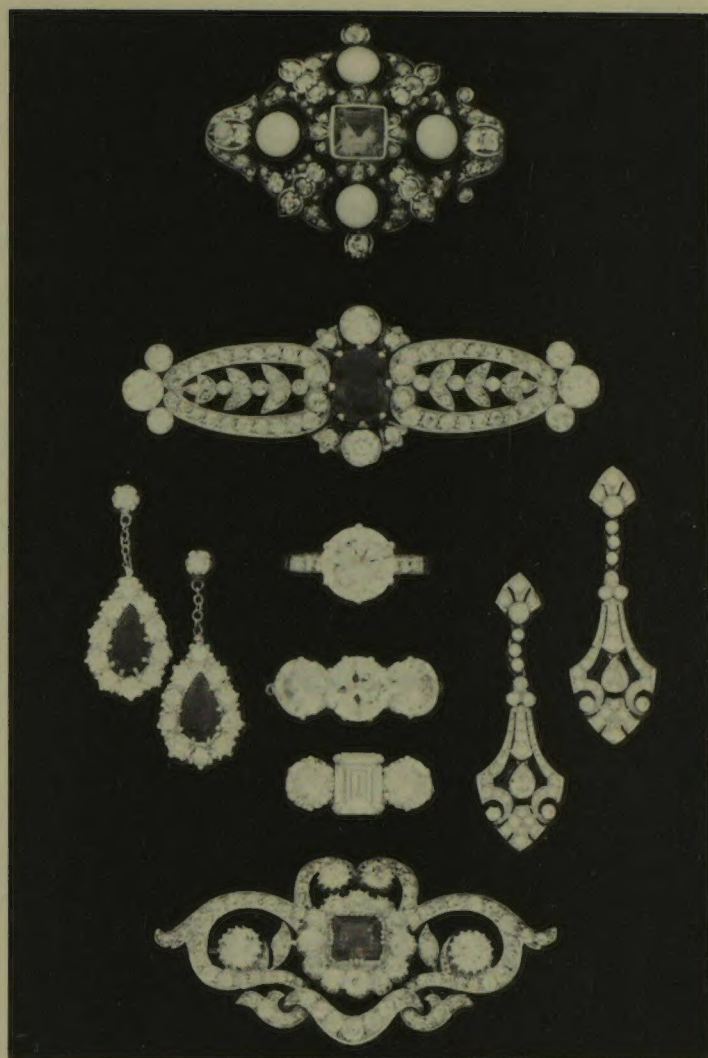
The most important figure is Mallica "Kapo" Reynolds, a little man now confined to a wheelchair, who is also the pastor of a Jamaican Revivalist church.

Kapo's personality and work were recently featured in a lively BBC *Arena* documentary. His paintings are delightfully decorative, but they also have an emotional force which comes from the painter's religious beliefs. Kapo deserves comparison not so much with the Haitians, who have become more commercialized in recent times, but with the father of the whole genre, the great Henri "Douanier" Rousseau, who now figures on the walls of the National Gallery.

Jamaican Intuitive Painters, Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535). August 21-October 3.



Chinese acrobats perform
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rope dancers and jugglers
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GEORGE PERRY

MUTINY ON THE BOX

Alan Bleasdale examines a 1917 insurrection

Who was Percy Toplis? We shall find out on August 31 when the BBC starts its four-episode Sunday evening serial, *The Monocled Mutineer* by Alan Bleasdale. It is the Liverpudlian writer's first major television work since his award-winning *The Boys from the Black Stuff*, although he has given us a Channel 4 series based on his long-lived anarchistic character, Scully, and the recent stage musical about Elvis Presley, *Are You Lonesome Tonight?*, to say nothing of his darkly comic film, *No Surrender*, in which an outing of Orange Lodge pensioners ends up double-booked in the same working-men's club as a bunch of Liverpool-Irish Catholics.

It is not hard to see why Percy Toplis

has attracted him. Toplis was a wily, quick-witted Merseyside lad, a conman who masqueraded as an officer, inveigled his way into high places, and was a ringleader of the 1917 mutiny at Etaples which so embarrassed the British army that references to it even now are scarce.

"I warned the BBC I wasn't going to do the First World War with three men and a tank, but inevitably I have had to try to write something they could actually film," said Bleasdale. In fact, the BBC has striven hard within the budgetary constraints to make the atmosphere convincing. In Richard Broke's handsome production, which is directed on film by Jim O'Brien, the battlefields and trenches of France have been carefully simulated.

Paul McGann, who starred in *Give Us a Break* on BBC1, will play Toplis, Timothy West an exasperated brass-hat, Penelope Wilton a society beauty in charge of the camp canteen and Cherie Lunghi the girl for whom the fugitive Percy falls.

Bleasdale is no friend of establishment values. He has a black, mordant view of life, and there's a cutting edge to all his comic writing. Although *The Monocled Mutineer* is funny, it also focuses on the shameful and brutally repressive manner in which the understandable insurrection was quelled, and will help to open eyes to a little-known episode of 20th-century British history.

The *Monocled Mutineer*, BBC1, Sunday evenings from August 31.

J

ack
Lemmon makes his
London stage début at
the Haymarket
on August 4 in
Eugene O'Neill's
*Long Day's Journey
into Night*.

MARGARET DAVIES

OPERA FIRST

David Freeman finds a South Bank venue

Opera comes to the Queen Elizabeth Hall for the first time when the world première of Harrison Birtwistle's *Yan Tan Tethera* and a new production of Mozart's *Così fan tutte* are staged in the course of Summerscope 86, a five-week season devoted mainly to 20th-century music. Both operas will be directed by David Freeman and presented by Opera Factory London Sinfonietta, the partnership formed in 1984 between two of the country's most avant-garde groups.

Freeman, who founded Opera Factory in London in 1981, has been responsible for some fairly controversial productions of operas by Cavalli, Tippett and Nigel Osborne. He has also worked for English National Opera on Monteverdi's *Orfeo* and Philip Glass's *Akhmaten*, and most

recently, with the conductor Elgar Howarth, on the impressive production of Birtwistle's *The Mask of Orpheus*.

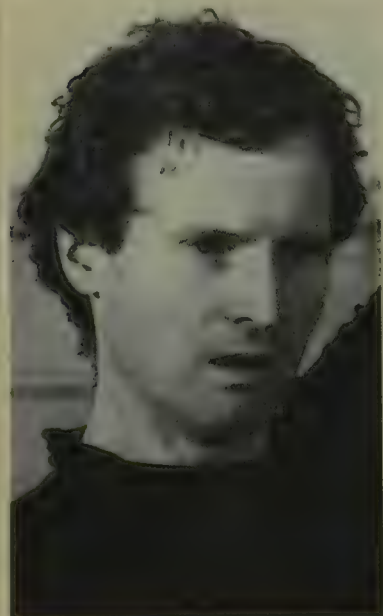
Freeman and Howarth will again be teamed in *Yan Tan Tethera*, which is a much less complex work than *Orpheus*. The title means "One, two, three", which is the way shepherds in the Pennines used to count their sheep. The action is set in Wiltshire and concerns Shepherd Alan who has come from the north with one ram and one ewe, which multiply, inciting the jealousy of a local man who seeks revenge. The piece is cast for eight principal singers, a chorus of 13 (12 ewes and one ram) and an orchestra of 16.

Glyndebourne is also making a South Bank début with a performance of this season's first-rate revival of Britten's *Albert Herring*. It will be semi-staged, in the style of the Glyndebourne Proms given at the Albert Hall since 1961.

Yan Tan Tethera, August 5, 7, 9, 12, 19, 23, 28, 7.45pm; *Così fan tutte*, August 1, 6, 11, 17, 20, 22, 25, 27, 30, 7pm; *Albert Herring*, August 16, 7pm. Queen Elizabeth Hall (928 3161, cc 928 8800).



REX FEATURES



The Duke of Edinburgh is among 50 carriage drivers contesting the World FEI four-in-hand Championships from August 13 to 17. Ascot Racecourse is the venue for all but the nerve-racking marathon section on August 16, when carriages lurch across rivers on the Duke's home ground of Windsor Great Park.

WORLD STAGE

SALLY RICHARDSON

The pick of the Edinburgh Festival

The 40th Edinburgh International Festival takes the Scottish Enlightenment as its theme and revives the World Theatre Season for the first time since the death of Sir Peter Daubeny who was its organizer from 1964 to 1973. Frank Dunlop, the director, has brought together 12 companies from nine countries to make up the season. These include the Market Theatre of Johannesburg who will perform Barney Simon's hard-hitting drama *Born in the RSA*.

The Toho Company of Japan offer an open-air performance of *Medea*. A Greek tragedy played in Japanese may sound more incomprehensible than a drunken Scotsman, but such is the visual impact of the Toho that *Medea* should be as well received as the Company's previous offering—*Macbeth*.

There are two highly praised productions by Ingmar Bergman. Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman* from the Bavarian State Theatre is a result of the Swedish director's stay in Germany as a tax exile. Financial problems resolved, Bergman returned to Sweden to produce Strindberg's *Miss Julie*, performed by the Royal Dramatic Theatre of Stockholm.

A welcome surprise in the Scottish Theatre programme is John Home's *Douglas*, an 18th-century favourite overlooked since Sybil Thorndike's 1950 production. Also for the Scottish-minded is a

series of acts by Tom Fleming on the lives and times of famous Scotsmen. Those defeated by Japanese but with an ear for the inebriated Scot will enjoy the moving sketch *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle*.

The music festival puts particular emphasis on the work of Tchaikovsky and Stravinsky. From the Maly Theatre of Leningrad come *The Queen of Spades* and *Eugene Onegin*. Among orchestras featuring the Russian composers are the Oslo Philharmonic and the Toronto Symphony. Frank Dunlop's own production of Weber and Planché's *Oberon* opens the festival, and another fairy-tale, *Cinderella*, will be performed by the Lyon Opéra Ballet (see opera and ballet listings p80).

Highlight of the film festival is Erich von Stroheim's passionate film *Greed*, made in 1923 and shown here with a new score by Carl Davis.

This year's International Festival is extensive. Among more than 300 performances are 21 theatre, eight opera/music theatre, three dance, and 41 concerts. The fringe offers some 900 shows of street theatre, music, dance, jugglers, comedy acts, circus workshops and children's entertainment.

Edinburgh Festival: August 10-30.
Further information from box office: 031-225 5756.



La Furs Dels Baus (vermin from the sewers) return to reinfect Victoria Docks. This Spanish troupe's new act, "Suz O Suz", includes chariot races, sub-aqua diving and the consumption of raw offal. August 12-19.
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NOTEBOOK

Discontent reported at Lloyd's

The members of Lloyd's insurance market are not happy with working conditions in the exciting new building designed for them by Richard Rogers. Some say it's like working on an oil rig and that hard hats ought to be compulsory, at least for those going up escalators in the vertigo-inducing atrium, or venturing into the glass-walled lifts strapped to the outside edges of the building.

There have been many teething troubles in the three months since the building opened for trading. The air-conditioning, which comes up from the floor, has been erratic, and during the hottest days of summer was sometimes blowing warm air up the underwriters' trousers. The clocks all tell different times, the stainless steel doors of the lavatories have been known to spring open, to the embarrassment of the occupants (the tops of whose heads can already be seen reflected above the doors in the polished steel struts of the ceiling), not all the lifts are working, and none of the offices planned for the upper floors are yet in operation.

Of more serious concern to some members is the interior design of the building, which they believe is adversely affecting their business. The underwriting room now runs up to four floors, compared with two in the previous building, which makes it much more difficult to communicate across the floor. Underwriters reckon that from any part of the floor or galleries they can now see only about a quarter of the business going on, whereas in the old building it was about three-quarters. Those on the upper floors complain that they are now not getting much of the passing trade that used to be a significant part of their business. "We're a market," one disgruntled underwriter told us, "and we need that business. It's like putting Smithfield on four floors. Who's going to bother to go upstairs when they can trade down below?" There are also complaints about rising costs—not so much of the building, but of the bureaucracy that has grown around



ROMAN SLUM CLEARANCE

Archaeologists working on the site of the Roman Forum Basilica—seen above with the new Lloyd's building behind—have recently uncovered the capital's first slum clearance scheme. During their excavations they have found traces of simple thatched clay and timber buildings which were demolished to make way for the Basilica.

An air of urgency now hangs over the dig because the site is due to be handed back to the developers at the end of September, when the Basilica will once

more be buried. There is equal urgency over the continuing need for funds. The excavation has been paid for mainly from contributions of £150,000 each from the developers, from Legal & General, and from English Heritage, but the project needs more money for the post-excavation analysis.

For those wishing to see one of London's most exciting digs there is a viewing gallery on the corner of Leadenhall and Gracechurch streets, open every day except Saturday from 9am-5pm.

its construction and management.

These concerns have led some non-marine underwriters, who occupy the upper floors, to suggest that they move back across Lime Street to their old premises, leaving the marine insurers to retain possession of the ground and first floors of the Rogers building. It is not a proposal that has been taken seriously,

at least not yet, though the old building now stands empty, its vast underwriting floor just as it was left when they all moved out after a farewell beano on May 23. But the chorus of complaints has been officially noted. The Lloyd's chairman, Peter Miller, has suggested that they review the situation after the market's peak renewal period at the end of the year.

The BBC's Langham for sale

The BBC is moving its radio operations to White City and the Langham Hotel in Portland Place, which it has been using since 1948, has now been vacated and stands empty. A BBC man, Tim Pitt, reports that the future of this much-loved and romantic building now hangs in the balance. He writes:

The Langham, before the BBC turned it into offices, was the finest hotel in the Empire. In the mid 19th century London was dreadfully short of decent hotel rooms, and in 1858 a group of northern businessmen decided to build an enormous hotel. Four years later the Langham Hotel Company began work on building what was then to be the biggest hotel in the capital city. Six hundred rooms were planned by Giles, the architect, and nothing was spared in the building.

At lunch-time on June 10, 1865 (with nearly 50 rooms unfinished and some scaffolding still in place) the Prince of Wales and his party arrived for the opening. The Prince was greatly impressed, and is said to have taken private apartments there (reached discreetly through the Chandos Street entrance) for afternoons with Lillie Langtry. He eventually fell out with the hotel because it refused to appoint his favourite chef, Charles Ritz, to the kitchens. He and Lillie took their custom elsewhere.

As the years passed the Langham Hotel became less popular, less fashionable, although it remained much loved by generations of the English upper classes. On September 16, 1940 a high explosive bomb hit the hotel. It did little structural harm, but it burst the water tank. Later a land-mine scored a direct hit, and the hotel closed. The furniture was auctioned (and fetched £50,000), and the share capital and the staff club fund vanished. In the last stock-taking 49 pianos were missing too.

In 1945 the Metal Box Company reopened the building as offices and in 1948 the BBC took over the whole building. It was finally bought by the BBC in 1965. It is now for sale.

IMAGES OF WIMBLEDON 86

Though Boris Becker and Martina Navratilova once again stamped their authority on Wimbledon this year, many others caught the imagination of the record crowds at the 100th championships. One was the 23-year-old Frenchman Henri Leconte, whose flashes of acrobatic brilliance took him to the semi-finals where he was put out by Becker, three sets to one. Leconte was the first Frenchman to reach the semi-finals since Yvon Petra in 1946.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALL-SPORT





Boris Becker, left, seeded No 4, proved too powerful for Ivan Lendl, above, the French and US champion and No 1 seed, in the final of the men's singles. The 18-year-old West German's 150mph service helped him to retain his title in three sets (6-4, 6-3, 7-5) and he remains Wimbledon's youngest-ever champion. The formidable



Martina Navratilova, right, collected her fifth consecutive title in the women's singles, defeating Hana Mandlikova, above, 7-6, 6-3, who, in the previous round, had beaten the No 2 seed Chris Lloyd. The 16-year-old Argentinian Gabriela Sabatini, below, one of Navratilova's victims, was the youngest player to reach the semi-finals this century.



Nicholas Ridley is a man of paradox—a living embodiment of the two opposing forces which make up the modern Conservative Party. The younger son of the third Viscount Ridley, he is an old-style Tory, the product of Eton and Balliol, and enough of a patrician to take up principled stands. Regarded as one of the most incorruptible men in Westminster, he is by his own admission unclubbable and uncollegiate. Disdainful and sardonic, like Enoch Powell he is more ruthless in his pursuit of right policies than in his pursuit of high office. In 1972, unable to reconcile himself any longer to Edward Heath's government, he resigned as Junior Minister in the Department of Trade and Industry.

The issue on which he resigned, however, was his opposition to Heath's interventionism—a conviction which belongs to the repertoire of the New Conservatism. For Nicholas Ridley is an unrepentant advocate of the free market, and his ascendancy at Westminster required the arrival of Mrs Thatcher before it could really be launched. In 1979 she sent him to the Foreign and Commonwealth Office as Minister of State and in 1983, after a brief period at the Treasury, he was promoted to the Cabinet as Secretary of State for Transport. There he presided over the deregulation and privatization of the British bus industry, promoted the £5 billion Channel tunnel project, and attempted—unsuccessfully—to sell off the British Airports Authority.

In May Nicholas Ridley crossed the road from Transport to the Department of the Environment in Marsham Street—a critical job by which to test the twin urges that make up his hybrid conservatism: Rates reform, nuclear waste, and the protection of the Green Belt are just some of the apparently insoluble problems that will have been waiting for him on his arrival. But there is the problem of London too—always a nest of vipers for Tory ideology, and since the 1979 election a particularly poisonous one. Old-style Conservatives have always had some difficulty balancing their belief in *laissez-faire* politics with their wish to protect the old and the best. New-style Conservatives have intensified this division with their demands for unfettered competition.

The reconciliation of these two conflicting drives has not been helped by the fact that under Margaret Thatcher there have been some five Environment Secretaries. Nicholas Ridley might be regarded as

the man to supply a compensating vision. Grandson of the architect Sir Edwin Lutyens, his own cultured, radical, somewhat aristocratic background suggests he might have found a way to bridge the unbridgeable.

RIDLEY: I think there is a balance to be achieved. Safeguarding and preserving what you want to preserve clearly causes some disbenefit to economic activity and jobs. But there's surely nothing new about this. Perhaps it's more high profile at the moment; the public are more conscious about it than before. But it's not all that difficult, because there are places where development can take place. All you've got to do is make sure it doesn't happen where it shouldn't.

GAMES: But there's a problem. De-

where they like. We've known that since the 1947 Planning Act.

GAMES: Well, let's take a case in point. Just round the corner from your office, Westminster City Council has announced that it is selling off part of Great Smith Street to Land Securities, who want to build a new multi-storey office block and car park. It would involve demolishing a group of Victorian and Edwardian buildings, including a rather pretty library designed in 1893.

Now, a scheme like this is typical. For the most respectable commercial reasons, developers will always want to knock down and rebuild in the most sensitive areas. This presumably calls on your willingness as Environment Secretary to intervene. And you are a noted non-interventionist.

RIDLEY: This is a totally different argument. The argument against intervention is economic. If an industry or a company is doing badly, do you intervene to prop it up? Or do you intervene in the export of this or that commodity? That is the argument about intervention and, I agree, I am not an economic intervener. I don't think it's right to intervene to save a factory or an industry when there isn't a demand for its services. But when you talk about planning, it's a totally different matter. I'm not remotely of the opinion that the Government should not intervene in planning decisions. If I was, I would have railed against the Planning Act for the last 30 years, and have wanted to see the whole of planning abolished. But I've never said that. There is a tremendous shortage of land and

a tremendous heritage of good buildings and there are all the questions about preserving the countryside and the Green Belt. All of these have to be decided arbitrarily at the centre. They always have been and they always will be. I don't see the conflict.

GAMES: The conflict is that in intervening to prevent a development, you would be acting against the interests of private enterprise—interrupting the flow of the free market. That's not something, presumably, that you would want to do.

RIDLEY: OK, but it doesn't really matter whether you manufacture widgets on site A or site B. It's not the same sort of intervention as when you insist that widgets are made even though nobody wants to buy them.

GAMES: Well, if locations are as interchangeable as you suggest, one of the test cases would be the proposed redevelopment of Canary Wharf on the Isle of Dogs. Here, Mr Travelstead from Kentucky is proposing to create a £1.5 billion financial services centre that will rival the City of London. Is a second financial centre something you welcome?

RIDLEY: I don't think it's going to be a second financial centre. I think it's an extension to the one financial centre that already exists. You can do that either by relaxing planning constraints in the City or by extending the area in which the City operates. I don't see those as competing.

GAMES: Well, the City does. The City Corporation has just relaxed planning restraints in a deliberate attempt to generate an extra 20 million square feet of office space within the Square Mile—an increase in floorspace of a third, in other words. So the City certainly sees Canary Wharf as competition which they want to keep at bay. ➤➤➤

I'M NO CAESAR SAYS NICHOLAS RIDLEY

As a series of villages, London is not suited to visionary schemes, the Environment Secretary told Stephen Games. But some of the villages could be modern. Growth is needed, in the right places.

velopment wants to take place in precisely those areas that are already the most attractive. That means development is taking place not just in London rather than Liverpool, but in the most attractive parts of London. How do you deal with that?

RIDLEY: Well, if you talk about the north-south divide, yes, that's a problem because there isn't a great deal of point in massive developments in the north. You've first of all got to restore pressure for development in the north otherwise there's no point in carrying out development there. In fact, development is a response to pressure—it's not something in its own right.

But within London there is a dichotomy between people's desire to develop and their wish to preserve their surroundings. And that is reconciled through the planning process. You have to choose sites which should be developed.

But I find it goes even further. Some people—you might call them the lunatic fringe—would object to any site being developed. There will always be somebody who objects to everything. So, the job that's necessary is to steer the right balance between conserving the environment and allowing that development to take place. People can't just build

RIDLEY: Not necessarily so. A lot of front-line stuff is for the borough planning authorities to decide. If the planning authority gives permission, I'm unlikely to be involved. I don't know about the case you mentioned. But if Westminster Council were to turn the planning application down, I'd come in on the appeal. And that's how it should be. It would be appalling if I had to take on every planning decision in the country. It couldn't possibly be done.

Then there is the further safeguard of listed-building consent. If we're talking about a famous and beautiful building, it's almost certain to be listed. And if there were plans to ruin it or pull it down, it would eventually come before me. So you've got these two systems—the planning system and the listed-building system—which I think work quite well in reconciling these two conflicting aims.

GAMES: But whatever the system that operates, there are occasions when schemes will go to appeal and when, as Secretary of State for the Environment, you will be asked to step in. To turn such schemes down will mean hindering the operation of free-market forces. You haven't wished to intervene against the free-market forces on past occasions.



»→ RIDLEY: Well, you said that, not me. The motives of the City are not in question. I merely believe that if you have got a commodity which is in demand, such as office space in the world's capital city, it seems a bit silly to restrict it. And whichever way it's relaxed is obviously right for the economy of the country. You can have more businesses, more banks, more institutions setting up there. You're going to have a bigger contribution to our economic performance from this financial centre. What's wrong with that?

GAMES: I can see that to raise the question of possible overdevelopment at the moment might be regarded as looking a gift-horse in the mouth, especially when building activity is one of the Government's favourite indicators of the nation's health. But is there anything in the development of this area which you would have reservations about?

RIDLEY: Well, the Isle of Dogs is an enterprise zone, and the whole idea of an enterprise zone was that planning consent would not be required. We made the Isle of Dogs one to see whether the removal of detailed planning consent did liberate more enterprise and more jobs. I think it certainly does. But you couldn't extend that too widely because, quite frankly, the Isle of Dogs was not one of the most beautiful pieces of countryside, nor was it crammed full of beautiful historic houses. The enterprise zones were located, roughly speaking, in areas of dereliction where anything was likely to be an improvement. There was no way you could make the Isle of Dogs worse.

GAMES: The relaxation of planning regulations on the Isle of Dogs doesn't seem to have speeded up development at Canary Wharf, does it? A number of modest developments have been blocked by the London Docklands Development Corporation, pending Ware Travelstead's scheme, while the Travelstead scheme itself has been taken to court by the GLC, opposed by conservationists, and delayed on grounds of strategy and safety by the City Corporation. Why hasn't the Canary taken off yet?

RIDLEY: It couldn't have taken off yet because it's dependent on Parliament passing the Docklands Light Railway Bill which will extend the Docklands Light Railway back to the Bank. When that Bill has reached the statute book, then the developers will have to make up their minds finally on whether to proceed and sign the master building agreement. That probably won't happen until about the end of this year.

But in other ways there's been an incredible development there. I think we've had about £1 billion worth of private investment into the Isle of Dogs—that's private sector as opposed to public sector. Buildings are going up all over the place.

Houses, factories, offices, warehouses. It's a hive of activity. It just shows the extent to which the removal of planning consent can liberate investment.

I will make this point, though. It happens that this site is an unusual example of a piece of wasteland that lies alongside a financial capital which was wanting to expand. Development like this doesn't happen everywhere.

GAMES: So is there nothing going on in London at the moment which you would regard as in any way a threat?

RIDLEY: A threat to what?

GAMES: To the environment, to the future of London, to its architectural structure, to its infrastructure.

RIDLEY: I don't think I see any threats to its architectural structure. London is a series of villages which have been built at different times over the last 1,000 years and are joined by other bits of development. I see no harm at all in having some modern villages in London. Victoria Street is becoming a modern street with modern buildings. I would be aghast if that happened to John Adam Street or parts of Belgravia, or 100 other bits of London where we don't want that to happen. But it seems to me utterly in keeping with the history of London that certain bits should develop in a modern way, wherever the space is. And, of course, Docklands is one of those areas which has fallen on bad times and which is an ideal place to redevelop.

GAMES: You cite Belgravia as an example of an area which shouldn't be developed. But not infrequently, it's the working-class districts which are where you find a settled sense of community. Is it your feeling that working-class areas ought to be more susceptible to development than areas that are historically upper- or middle-class?

RIDLEY: Oh, no, I wasn't talking politically. I was talking of the aesthetics of the buildings.

GAMES: But the two invariably go hand in hand. That's the difficulty, isn't it? The buildings most likely to be saved on grounds of aesthetics are those owned by the rich.

RIDLEY: Not at all. There are lots of places in Lambeth, West Square, Battersea, which were working-class residential areas and which should most certainly be preserved. They're very high quality. And there are a lot of, if I may say so, unpleasant better-off developments which I wouldn't mind seeing go. I'm not making that point at all. East London is clearly the area that is going to be the most susceptible to redevelopment.

GAMES: The Labour Party had a policy in the late 1940s of building out the Tories. Do you now welcome the idea of building out the socialists?

RIDLEY: I don't quite know what that means.

GAMES: Well, the socialist local authorities in East London built public-housing estates in a declared

attempt to create ghettos of Labour voters. Presumably all the private-sector building that you've talked about going on in Docklands and East London is going to have the effect of creating Conservative strongholds.

RIDLEY: I hadn't seen this. I think all the political parties, including, if I may say so, the Labour Party, have now come to the conclusion that these vast amorphous municipal housing estates have been a social disaster. Tower blocks have proved another social disaster. It's sad and wasteful that quite a lot of that sort of investment is going to have to be replaced, because it cost a lot of money. In fact, we're knocking down tower blocks quite frequently.

So I don't think the point is political. The point is that where there is a vacant site in London, or a site that's going to be demolished, that is where development should take place. It can't take place in the Green Belt, it can't take place too far away from south-east England because it's in the south-east that the pressure lies—pressure for more housing, more offices, more everything. So the only way to satisfy demand is to use up every available site in the Greater London area that is ripe for development. And that is not a political policy in the sense of pulling down Labour-built council estates. It is simply a recognition of the very high price of land.

GAMES: How would you define "ripe for development"?

RIDLEY: Well, just go and have a look. I think you can tell.

GAMES: There was a time when that would have meant any building older than, say, 50 years. Is that a sufficient criterion today?

RIDLEY: Well, it's houses people no longer want to live in—defective housing or tower blocks which have to be pulled down—or where industry's deserted, like Docklands where there are no docks. One of the most wasted assets of London is the lower reaches of the Thames where there are endless warehouses—some of them fascinating as buildings—but to shut off the river to the people who live in London has always seemed to me a great pity. The hinterland of those warehouses is often vacant and there are lots of areas down there where you could make a most wonderful environment for people to live in, and give access to the river as well. It just happens to be that that's the sort of area which can be redeveloped whereas, if you like, the frontage of the Houses of Parliament is not.

GAMES: This would be a point of dis-

pute here, wouldn't it? If you hand over the waterfront to the developers, you're going to get a hard edge of offices along the river instead of soft lawns that people can use for recreation. Are you saying that you want to keep that hard edge of offices at bay?

RIDLEY: I'm not saying anything of the sort. I'm not the planning authority for Southwark or Tower Hamlets or farther east. I'm merely saying that what you've got to do is to use the sites which can most properly be developed. What they're used for depends first of all on who applies to do what, and second on what the local council says. And it's only on appeal and in conformity with the overall London plan that I have any say in the matter at all. That is local democracy.

I'm not trying to set out this great city or plan it or say who lives here or what happens...

GAMES: Certainly. But I'm asking you as Secretary of State about the sort of vision you have for London. What sort of London do you want to see?

RIDLEY: Well, I don't have visions. I'm not called Haussmann or Julius Caesar. I'm not trying to set out this great city or plan it or say who lives here or what happens there. It's far too big for any individual to do that. It hasn't happened in the past and it shouldn't happen in the future. As I say, London is a series of villages which have developed through the centuries and what it does next will be very much a question for the local people. I don't see it as my role to plan London in that grand sense. It's far too built-up already to entertain a thought of that sort.

GAMES: You are the grandson of a great architect, Sir Edwin Lutyens, who built New Delhi and spent his last years just before the war passionately concerned with metropolitan improvements that might be made to London. Do you think he would have admired that sentiment?

RIDLEY: Well, Delhi was a green-field site—or rather, a brown-field site. It was just countryside. No buildings at all. You can't start off redesigning London, pulling down great chunks of it in order to suit a grand design. It's an old city, not a new one ○

AUG 86

FOR THE RECORD

Monday, June 16

Lady Diana Cooper, a leading society figure in the 1920s and 30s, died aged 93.

Tuesday, June 17

Two Spanish army officers and their driver were shot dead in Madrid by Basque separatists.

Thursday, June 19

Socialite Rosemarie Marcie-Riviere was awarded £15,000 libel damages against *The Spectator* and its columnist Taki Theodoracopulos.

Friday, June 20

The British Government announced a three-week ban on the movement and slaughter of sheep within Cumbria and North Wales after the discovery of increased levels of radioactivity in the wake of the Chernobyl nuclear explosion in the Soviet Union. On June 24 some parts of Scotland were also included in the ban.

Sunday, June 22

The Spanish socialist government of Felipe Gonzalez was re-elected to a second term of office with an absolute majority.

England were knocked out of the World Cup, beaten 2-1 by Argentina in their quarter-final tie in Mexico City.

Monday, June 23

Patrick Magee was given life sentences on all eight charges connected with the murder of five people when a bomb exploded in the Grand Hotel, Brighton during the Conservative party conference in October, 1984. Four others received life sentences on charges of conspiracy to bomb other targets in London and coastal resorts.

13 people died when a transit van carrying fans from a pop festival crossed the central crash-barrier of the M4 near Maidenhead and collided with an estate car.

Ulster Unionist politicians staged a sit-in at Stormont after the Privy Council had approved the dissolution of the Northern Ireland Assembly.

England lost the Second Test match and the series to India when they were beaten by 279 runs at Headingley.

Nigel Stock, the actor, died aged 66.

Tuesday, June 24

19 people were injured in two separate bomb blasts in Johannesburg. In London, Oliver Tambo, the president of the African National Congress, held his first meeting with a British minister when he saw Lynda Chalker at the Foreign Office.

John Paul Getty II paid £1,375,000 at Sotheby's for four pages from a 700-year-old illuminated manuscript on the life of Thomas Becket. It was the highest price ever paid for an English manuscript.

Irish boxer Barry McGuigan lost his WBA featherweight title on points to the Texan Steve Cruz in Las Vegas.

Wednesday, June 25

Britain exploded a nuclear device beneath the Nevada desert.

Friday, June 27

Italian President Cossiga provisionally accepted the resignation of Bettino Craxi's centre-left coalition government

which collapsed after a revolt by MPs during two votes on financial measures.

Irish voters in a referendum on the introduction of divorce rejected the proposal by a large majority.

The World Court in the Hague ruled that the United States broke international law by backing Contra rebels in Nicaragua.

Dawn Run, the Irish mare who was the only horse to win both Cheltenham's Champion Hurdle and Gold Cup, was killed during the Grande Course de Haies d'Auteuil in Paris.

Saturday, June 28

Some 70,000 protesters demonstrated against apartheid with a rally in Hyde Park and a concert on Clapham Common.

Sunday, June 29

Richard Branson's *Virgin Atlantic Challenger II* set a record for the fastest Atlantic crossing with a time of three days, eight hours and 31 minutes.

Argentina beat West Germany 3-2 in the World Cup Final in Mexico City. The previous day France beat Belgium 4-2 to take third place.

Monday, June 30

A sludge ship sliced through Southend's mile-long pier and temporarily stranded seven people on the end section.

Wednesday, July 2

President Richard von Weizsäcker of West Germany addressed a joint session of both Houses of Parliament during a state visit to Britain and called for western European countries to assert their identity.

Thursday, July 3

The Peacock Committee, reporting on the financing of broadcasting, recommended that the licence fee should be index linked, ITV franchises should go to tender and the BBC should not be obliged to take advertising under the present system.

Friday, July 4

Brian Chester, a police marksman, was found not guilty after trial at Stafford Crown Court of the manslaughter of five-year-old John Shorthouse during a police raid on his parents' home in Birmingham last August.

Saturday, July 5

The Church of England Synod barred ordained overseas women from conducting services in England.

Sunday, July 6

Two Australians, Brian Chambers and Kevin Barlow, were hanged in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, after being convicted of drug trafficking.

Japan's ruling Liberal Democratic Party led by Yasuhiro Nakasone scored a convincing victory in the general election.

Boris Becker retained his Wimbledon men's singles title, beating Ivan Lendl 6-4, 6-3, 7-5. The previous day Martina Navratilova won the women's title for the seventh time with a victory over Hana Mandlikova, 7-5, 6-3.

Jagjivan Ram, leader of the Untouchables of the Hindu caste system, died aged 78.

Monday, July 7

Shares on the New York Stock Exchange suffered their biggest one-day fall on record with the Dow Jones industrial average closing 61.87 points down. Analysts said the drop was caused by pessimism about the US economy and the federal budget deficit following the Supreme Court ruling that part of the Gramm-Rudman-Hollings budget reform law was unconstitutional.

Tuesday, July 8

The London stock market suffered its largest ever one-day fall with a drop of 30.1 points in the FT Index.

England drew with India in the Third and final Test at Edgbaston.

Wednesday, July 9

Nigeria and Ghana pulled out of the Commonwealth Games in protest at the

British Government's opposition to sanctions against South Africa. During the weekend Uganda, Kenya and Tanzania also withdrew.

Two soldiers were killed in an IRA mortar attack on an Army observation post at Crossmaglen, South Armagh.

Thursday, July 10

Israeli helicopter gunships attacked a Palestinian refugee camp in Sidon, seriously wounding at least 10 people. The raid was in response to a Palestinian and Lebanese guerrilla attack near Naqqoura, southern Lebanon in which two Israeli soldiers and four guerrillas were killed.

Britain's consul in the Colombian port of Barranquilla, Geoffrey Hutchinson, was shot dead as he drove home from work.

At least 100 people were killed as Typhoon Peggy swept across the northern Philippines.

Le Duan, leader of reunified Vietnam for 17 years, died aged 78.

Friday, July 11

The rate of inflation fell to 2.5 per cent in June—the lowest since December, 1967.

Saturday, July 12

Middlesex won the Benson & Hedges Cup at Lord's, defeating Kent by two runs.

Sunday, July 13

Zola Budd and Annette Cowley, both born in South Africa, were barred from competing for England in the Commonwealth Games by its federation.

The English driver Nigel Mansell won the British Grand Prix at Brands Hatch.



The 100th birthday of a refurbished Statue of Liberty was celebrated with patriotic fervour and showmanship during Independence Day weekend in the USA. The statue, a gift from France, has come to symbolize immigrant dreams of a new future across the Atlantic, though the number of new arrivals is restricted now to 270,000 a year, with no more than 20,000 from any one country.

John Makepeace's School for Craftsmen in Wood has had a lot of publicity, but what has it achieved? Roger Berthoud meets the man and attempts an answer.



The School's principal, Robert Ingham, with students, above; and John Makepeace at Parnham House, its 16th-century HQ, with Nash trimmings.

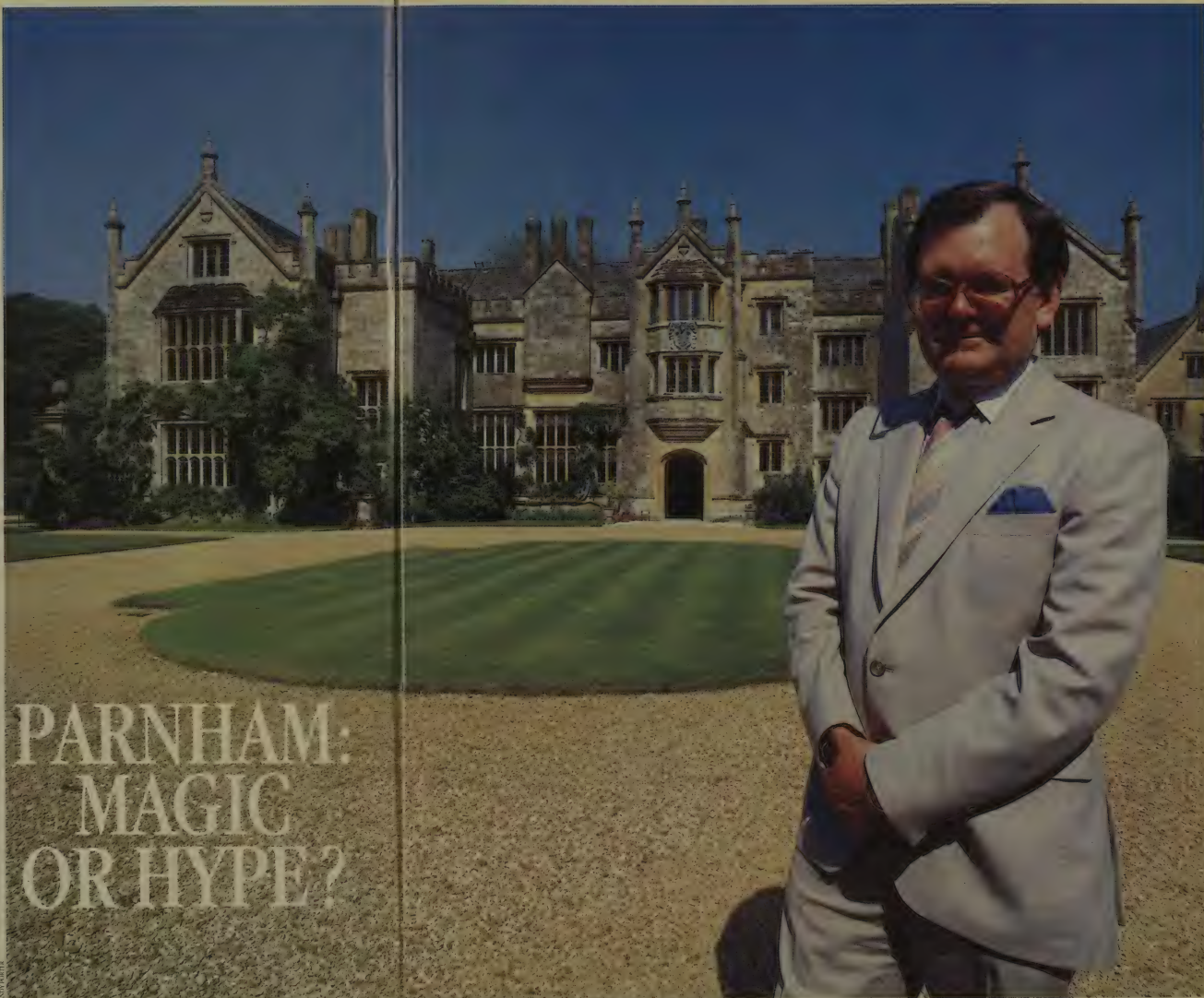
The world of designer-craftsmen does not often throw up an impresario. The exception is John Makepeace, aged 47, whose School for Craftsmen in Wood at Parnham House in Dorset, and his skill in promoting it, has done much to popularize designer-made furniture, both as a vocation for well-educated folk and as something to buy. Londoners have a chance to make their own assessment of Parnham's products when an exhibition of work by past and present students reaches the National Theatre's Lyttelton Foyer shortly.

How considerable is Makepeace's achievement, and to what extent have the *culturalists* fallen for what one informed sceptic called "the Parnham hype"? The question is the more difficult to address since designer-craftsmen exist in a critical

limbo as far as the broad public is concerned. Unlike painters and sculptors, whom they in some ways resemble, their work is not assembled and exposed in a gallery every few years, to be ignored, acclaimed, panned or patronized by the critics. The main available outlets or contact points are the annual crafts fairs and exhibitions in major cities, which cater for many tastes.

What is not in doubt is that over the last 15 years there has been a renaissance in designer-made products. The Victoria & Albert Museum played a key role in focusing interest and defining standards with its 1971 exhibition *The Craftsman's Art*.

In 1973 the Crafts Council was formed. Defying accusations of elitism, it has since backed a select but growing group of designers who, it feels, meet the requisite levels of



SOUTH EAST

➤→ excellence, while also running a successful shop in the V&A. With its small budget and modest premises, it has, however, a hard task to establish itself as a substantial national organization. Progress has been made: magazines show more and more interest, even if the day when national newspapers treat design seriously is not yet at hand.

Makepeace caught a rising tide of public interest when he set up his school at Parnham in 1977 in a ravishing 16th-century mansion with 86 rooms and Nash embellishments near Beaminster in Dorset. It was a publicity bonus when the Snowdons' son, Lord Linley, enrolled in 1980. Makepeace had previously

established himself as a successful designer-maker, and his timing was astute. Throughout the crafts, from jewelry and tapestry to pottery and furniture, the amateurish approach of the 50s was giving way to a new professionalism. Serious-minded people had entered the field.

Among them was Makepeace himself, the son of a Birmingham motor engineer who had died when John was rising 18. Fresh from Denstone, a minor and then philistine public school in Staffordshire, he had thought of entering the church. But at the age of 11 he had been much struck by the work of a local designer-craftsman, and a family friend had shown him books about

the great Ernest Gimson.

Despite discouraging advice, he decided to have a go himself. With some difficulty he got apprenticed for a weekly fee to Keith Cooper, a lawyer who had moved into furniture-making near Poole in Dorset. "He was very good on materials and construction," Makepeace recalled when we met. "I learnt a lot in two years. But he told me not to expect to make a living as a furniture maker, and persuaded me to do a correspondence course in craft teaching. I completed that and had two years teaching in secondary schools in some of the roughest industrial suburbs of Birmingham—painful but valuable."

While learning and teaching he had done some travelling to look at design abroad, and began showing his work at craft exhibitions in London and Manchester. Having set up his first workshop cheaply on his brother's farm in Warwickshire, he decided that the design element was crucial to success: Cooper had seen virtue more in the craftsmanship than in the overall impact of the object. "One of the most important things is what you see first—the process by which you come to know an object," Makepeace commented. Both senses and intellect should be involved.

In 1963 he bought some derelict farm buildings in Warwickshire, and steadily expanded his private and corporate clients. By taking on a wood machinist and, gradually, other assistants, he provided furniture for two new Oxford college buildings designed by Ahrends, Burton and Koralek, and he did some batch products for Habitat, Heal's, Harrods and Liberty. With that spectrum as well as one-offs, he can reasonably claim to have done it all.

In 1976 he sold the converted farm for a good price, and for £100,000 bought Parnham House, in the 1920s a country club where Conan Doyle one night heard the hound that became the Baskervilles', latterly empty after use as an old people's home. Funds were raised, the house gradually restored, and the Parnham Trust set up to run the School for Craftsmen, which took its first students in 1977. Though about three of the annual intake of 10 obtains a grant, the fees of £7,500 for each of two 40-week, fully residential years ensure a largely middle-class attendance: as Makepeace puts it, the sort of people who might otherwise go into the professions. The Linley enrolment in 1980 came about either through his father Lord Snowdon taking some photographs

there for a magazine, or through a lecture Makepeace gave at Bedales school which Linley attended. Prince Philip has also visited Parnham, by invitation.

The first year of the course concentrates on craftsmanship and how to set up in business, the second on design, with teaching mainly by visiting lecturers, under the Principal, Robert Ingham. There is also a separate Makepeace workshop where apprentices produce the squire's own furniture.

At Hooke Park near by an interesting new venture has just been added: a School for Woodland Industry, where from this summer an introductory course will teach new techniques in utilizing those scraggy woodland thinnings usually converted to pulp. If the abundant available supplies of such "roundwood" could be used for construction—as a prototype building there, designed with the architect-engineer Frei Otto, suggests is possible—or for manufactured products, its value could be increased 25-fold and Britain's huge timber import bill reduced.

With its fine gardens, lectures, exhibitions and retail sales, Parnham also functions as a lively stately home, attracting more than 20,000 visitors between April and October. Its publicity material is not modest. "Parnham has a magic that defies explanation, says John Makepeace," runs the introductory message to the handsome colour brochure replete with photographs of house, garden, Makepeace furniture, some interesting facts and a list of 300-odd donors to the Parnham Trust. Handouts for the National Theatre exhibition carried such headlines as "Parnham: from derelict house to cultural landmark in a decade" and "John Makepeace: designer, entrepreneur and originator of the Parnham idea". In a welcoming message Peter Hall assures us that "Parnham brings together many of the things I care about: innovation in the arts... the creative challenge of shaping Britain's future." Yuck.

The set-up there is certainly seductive: the enchanting house with peacocks on the lawn, all that creative endeavour by bright young men and women in the wings, the agreeable company of John Makepeace and his amusing green-fingered wife Jennie, not to mention their two lurchers.

Despite a delicious lunch, ungrateful doubts began to obtrude at several levels. In Parnham's 16th-century Great Hall there stands in pride of place the so-called Desert Island Chair, designed by Makepeace and placed on a rug seemingly intended to resemble an island. It is hard to believe that this appallingly kitsch object comes from a serious proponent of good design.

Other Makepeace creations, like a set of dining chairs in scrubbed oak



A touch of kitsch: John Makepeace's Desert Island Chair and sea-girt rug, top left; and chairs, table and stools in laminated oak, centre; and left, former student Robin Williams in Cornwall with wishbone rocking chair.



SANDY PORTER



SANDY PORTER

with an antler-like back, and a stool carved from English elm, show the same kitsch tendency. Others suffered, to my eyes at least, from an over-fussy use of fancy woods which sometimes blend unhappily together. Preferring simplicity, I liked among exhibits coming to London a slatted-back oak dining chair and a sideboard which converts ingeniously into a dining table, both by Catriona Gregg, a second-year Australian student; a dining table by Tim Freeman, and another table with a fumed oak inlay by Paul Flowerday, both second-year students; and a

(less severe) wishbone rocking chair by Robin Williams, a former student. Prices range from £200 to £1,800.

Williams is among those who enjoyed Parnham and did well afterwards. A dentist's son, he started as a shipwright and went to Parnham aged 32 on a grant. "I'm still convinced it was the right thing to do," he said. "It gave me the blueprint to do both the designing and making equally well together, and it convinced me that results count, not excuses. One of the most important things was being taught to present oneself. If you can't convince others

This prototype building at Hooke Park shows what can be done with woodland thinnings. A School for Woodland Industry is being set up there to study other possible uses of this cheap, plentiful material.

you have ideas and gifts, you aren't going to get any work." The wishbone rocker is his biggest success: he has sold about 100, to clients who include Lord Londonderry and a bulldozer driver just back from the Falklands.

Nicholas Dyson is an ex-student whose work is *not* included in any Parnham exhibitions, successful though he is. A Cambridge English graduate who had been in academic publishing, he was paying the Parnham fees out of his own pocket and was not convinced he was getting good value. In particular he was disillusioned by the departure and non-replacement of the resident design tutor at the end of his first year, in 1982. In an atmosphere of some unpleasantness he and three like-minded contemporaries left. Nonetheless he feels Makepeace deserves credit for getting things going, even if to his mind the school needed strategic direction. Dyson now employs two assistants at his business near Wantage, and is showing at the

Chelsea Crafts Fair in October.

Richard Bateman, a respected designer-craftsman, former sculpture student under Anthony Caro and leading thinker in the field, is critical of what he calls "the barrage of hype" from Parnham, in which Makepeace seems (to him) to turn everything to his own glory. As for Makepeace's own work, Bateman is severe: "Unintentional kitsch is unpardonable," he says.

The Crafts Council's Liz Lydiate has no hesitation in commending Parnham for producing well-trained students who are good designers, good craftsmen and successful in setting up in business, while Makepeace's energy makes a valuable contribution. Bateman has a point however: Parnham gets more than its share of publicity, to which this article cannot help adding. Interested visitors to the London exhibition should appreciate that many other designer-makers are toiling outside the spotlight. The Crafts Council can provide recommendations from its selected index ○

"Parnham" is at the National Theatre (Lyttelton Foyer area), South Bank, SE1, from July 29 to August 23, sponsored by Citicorp/Citibank. Parnham House, near Beaminster, is open from 10am to 5pm on Wednesdays, Sundays and Bank Holidays.



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ROYAL WEDDING DAY

ADAM WOOLHITT COVER BY GERRY CRANHAM

A TOUCH OF MAGIC

by Roger Berthoud

The marriage of Prince Andrew and Sarah Ferguson on July 23 contrived to be both magnificent and very jolly. For the jolliness we had the characters of the royal couple to thank, in particular the bride's. The Sarah Ferguson who arrived to cheering crowds at Westminster Abbey and the Duchess of York who left communicated her *foie de vivre* in a way new to the royal family. It was as if she had closed the gap between the waver and the crowd. Here was a royal lady with whom people could identify, with whom they could communicate as equals. Her bubbling high spirits seemed unaffected by the occasion, her spontaneity undimmed. A new character had been added to the great romance between the royal family and the British public.

The nation, diverted the previous evening by a television interview with the royal couple which included some slightly embarrassing larking about, awoke to the news that at 10am Prince Andrew would be made Duke of York by the Queen: a title long associated with the monarch's second son, and held by the Queen's father before he became King George VI. Prince Andrew also became Earl of Inverness and Baron Killyleagh, a spot in County Down from which some of Sarah's forbears come. Of scarcely less interest for the great day was the weather: cool, blustery, mainly cloudy but with patches of sunshine and rain. It was not too wonderful for the crowds which had been encamped on the route overnight, and in some cases for several days. But it could have been much worse.

Out came the sun as guests began to arrive at the Abbey shortly after it opened at 10am. It was like an open-air cocktail party outside the Great West Door as the limousines purred past the banks of photographers on grey platforms to deposit their distinguished cargoes. "Why didn't we have a nice stretched Daimler like that?" asked one of the tall, upper-class men in morning dress of an even taller friend. Among their womenfolk, white dresses and polka

dots were a popular choice.

Westminster Abbey is rightly called the nation's most hallowed shrine, in which virtually every sovereign has been crowned and not a few married. But as a site in which to view spectacular events it is inferior to St Paul's, where Prince Charles and Lady Diana Spencer were married five long years ago. At the Abbey, the nave is cut off from the choir and sanctuary by an ornate and entirely opaque screen. Even in the cruciform area below the altar, where the action takes place, the angles of vision are narrow.

Technology, however, triumphed over these disadvantages on Wednesday, with colour television sets located high up at strategic points. The bulk of the friends of the bride and groom, on the wrong side of the decorative screen, could thus follow events without difficulty; and even the more privileged diplomats, parliamentary leaders, services chiefs, senior members of the royal household and close relatives of the couple could see around corners.

From the press balcony there was a clear view of the royal family as they took their seats: the Queen very stylish in a delphinium-blue silk crepe dress with a wide-brimmed hat; the Princess of Wales in a turquoise and black polka dot dress with a broad black cummerbund which showed off her very slim waist; Princess Anne stunning in a yellow silk embroidered jacket; Princess Alexandra dramatic in bright orange; the Duchess of Kent distinguished in an ivory silk suit. Sarah Ferguson's immediate family were by no means upstaged, her slender, handsome mother, Mrs Hector Barrantes, in a yellow silk dress and double-brimmed hat, her sister, the pencil-slim Mrs Jane Makin, in an original red and green striped jacket over a red dress.

The atmosphere was light, expectant, unsolemn. Then at last on the little screens we could see Sarah Ferguson herself arriving with her father Major Ronald Ferguson in the Glass Coach. Cheers from the crowd penetrate the Abbey as she dis-



GERRY CALNAN

"A new chapter in the royal family's life has most happily begun"

mounts, looking wonderfully happy, with her father. A pause of a minute or two while her dress designer, Linda Cierach, arranges her 17½ foot train and veil. Then, after a fanfare of trumpets, up the nave she comes, followed by the bridesmaids and pages, past the choir now filled with diplomats and cabinet ministers, halting just by the Queen and the assembled clergy.

The bride's dress, whose secrets had caused so much ink to flow, was no disappointment, a sumptuous affair in ivory silk duchess satin decorated with beadwork based on the bride's coat of arms, showing thistles attended by bees, the scooped neckline edged with pearls. Not many of the flaming gold locks were visible under the garland of flowers and veil, which stretched out behind with the train like the flattened tail of a huge white peacock.

After the congregation had joined rather feebly in singing the hymn "Praise to the Lord, the Almighty, the King of creation", the Dean of Westminster, the Very Reverend Michael Mayne, duly asked whether any man could "show any just cause why these two persons might not be lawfully joined together". After the briefest of welcome silences, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Reverend Robert Runcie, demanded of Andrew Albert Christian Edward whether he would love, comfort, honour, keep "this woman", and her only, as long as he lived. A cheer went up from the crowd outside as he answered "I will", and again when his bride promised to obey, serve, love, honour and keep him. Her only slip came when, in making her solemn vow thereafter, she repeated Andrew's third forename, "Christian", a happy choice on which to trip. And so Prince Edward stepped forward with the wedding ring of Welsh gold, and Prince Andrew, having been given it by the Archbishop, placed it upon the third finger of his beloved's left hand. She then reciprocated with his ring.

The solemn moment was over, but the prayers lingered on, followed by a lesson read by Prince Charles, and a

suitably naval hymn ("Lead us heavenly Father, lead us o'er the world's tempestuous sea"). Cardinal Hume of Westminster and other ecclesiastics each added a prayer as an ecumenical touch; and after another hymn and the national anthem, the sopranos Felicity Lott and Arleen Auger sang two Mozart anthems during the signing of the register. With no loudspeaker arrangements, the volume inside the Abbey was rather thin. There were chuckles from the leaders of the opposition parties when the television screens showed the Prime Minister in a broad-brimmed magenta hat peering out from her seat in the choir stalls with a somewhat fierce expression on her face.

Then came that happiest moment of every marriage, the procession of the newly-wed couple down the aisle, to the strains in this instance of Elgar's Triumphal March from *Caractacus*. The new Duke of York and his lovely freckled Duchess who had symbolically exchanged her floral headdress for a tiara, exchanged loving glances, and there were flashing smiles for friends as they proceeded down the long, bright blue carpet to their waiting carriages. The bride not only waved with real feeling but on one occasion gave a thumbs-up sign as they were borne in triumph back to Buckingham Palace.

The excitements were not over for the vast crowd which had gathered at the Palace end of the Mall. First came the appearance of Andrew and Sarah with family on the Palace balcony, rather delayed by the official photographic session; and then, around tea-time, a going-away of wonderful informality, bride and groom departing in their landau with a huge teddy bear in a shower of confetti and flower petals thrown by members of the family and Buckingham Palace staff.

A new chapter in the life of the royal family had most happily begun. Given the impact of Prince Charles's marriage, who knows in what way the remarkable new Duchess of York will amplify the royal image?



BARBARA



JOHN HENRY



JOHN HENRY

The bridegroom, newly created Duke of York, with his brother and supporter Prince Edward on their way to Westminster Abbey in the 1902 State Landau. Left, many fervent royalists had staked the best positions along the processional route by camping overnight.

JOHN HENRY



On arriving at the Abbey, Major Ronald Ferguson helps Lindka Cierach arrange the train and veil of the magnificent wedding dress she designed for his daughter. Opposite, the procession up the aisle. Below, the bride and groom with her father and Prince Edward during the marriage service, conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Above, bridesmaid Alice Ferguson, five, caught off guard during the ceremony.













Smiling faces and happy waves: the Duke and Duchess of York return to the Palace, previous page; followed by the Queen and Major Ronald Ferguson; Prince Edward with Prince William and Zara Phillips among the pages and bridesmaids; the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret; Prince Philip and Mrs Hector Barrantes; and outside the Abbey, Nancy Reagan.





The balcony scene, played before a capacity crowd: at the back, Mrs Hector Barrantes, the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince Edward and the Queen Mother; in front, Andrew Ferguson, Peter Phillips, Lady Rosanagh Innes-Ker, Zara Phillips and Laura Fellowes.



REUTERS



Like most newly-weds, the couple left for their honeymoon amid a shower of confetti and joke messages ("Phone Home") on their vehicle.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOTOGRAPH INTERNATIONAL

A detailed black and white illustration of a large, multi-story building with a complex roofline, featuring numerous gables, chimneys, and windows. The building is surrounded by a low stone wall in the foreground.

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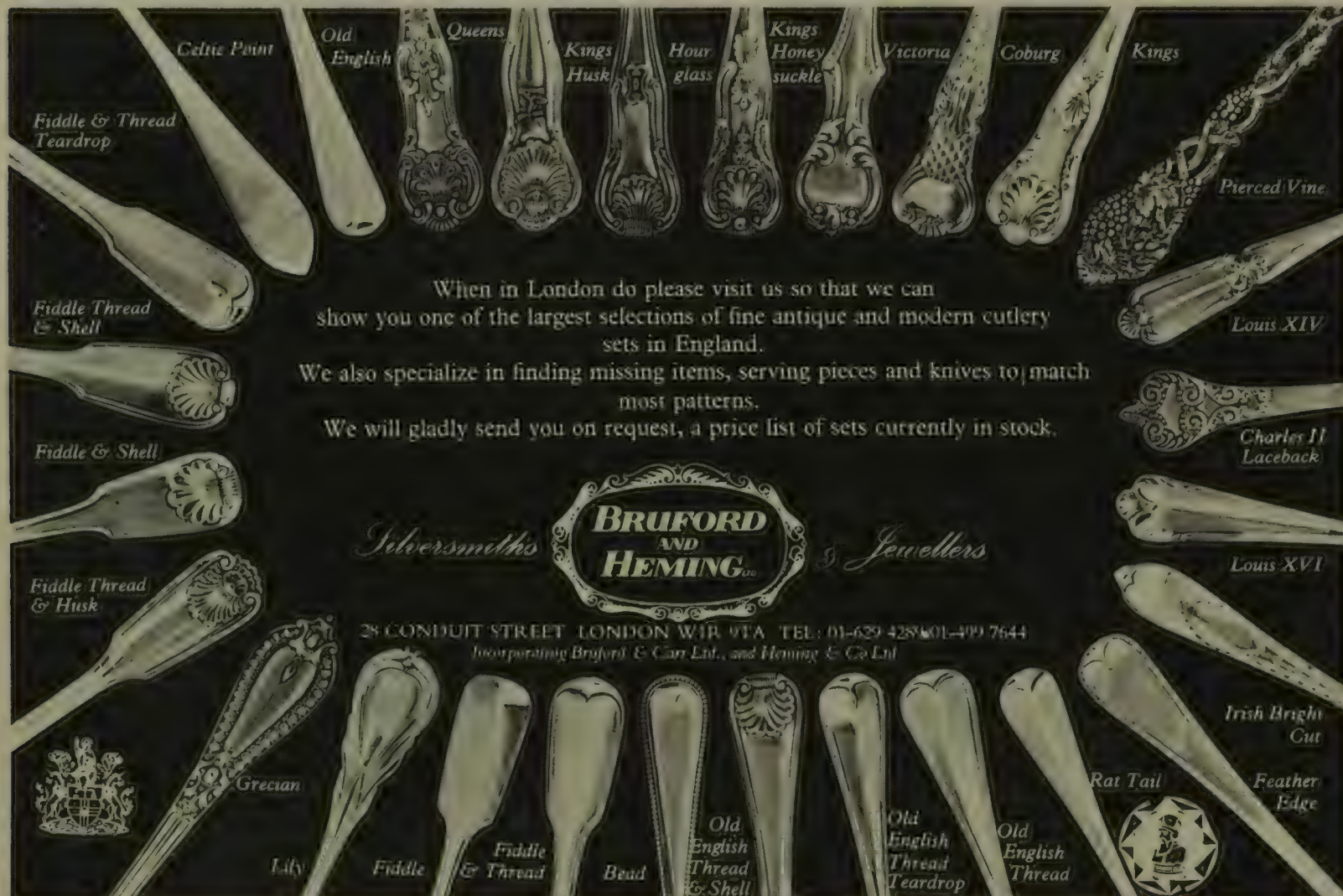
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A STORY OF SILVER

BY SIMON HORSFORD



SILVER is the most elegant and practical of precious metals, adaptable for domestic and decorative items and strongly associated with special occasions such as weddings. It is also associated with Mappin & Webb, leading producers of silverware for over 200 years. The company was first granted a royal warrant by Queen Victoria and are silversmiths to the Queen and Prince of Wales.

LATE GEORGIAN

In their long history, Mappin & Webb have included many royal families among their clients. But perhaps their most unusual order came in June, 1904, when an Indian maharajah, Raj Rama Bhawaur Singh, asked the firm to supply him with a bedroom suite. It was to include a large and ornate four-poster, a cabinet sideboard, dressing table, six easy and six single chairs, two couches and two statuettes. Not too out of the ordinary you might think, except that the entire suite was to be made from solid sterling silver. The suite was duly completed and was to have been exhibited at Cutlers' Hall before being sent to India, but by April, 1905, the maharajah was getting impatient as the Prince and Princess of Wales were due to visit him later that year and he wanted them to sleep in the new bed. Whether they did or not one knows, nor has anyone discovered what happened to the bed after it reached its destination. At today's prices it would have cost well over £500,000.

The firm's history dates back to the reign of George III when in 1774 Jonathan Mappin, an engraver, opened a small workshop in Fargate, Sheffield—a city which was already an important centre for the silver industry and was particularly noted for the manufacture of every kind of cutting tool, from scythes to table knives and razors.

Jonathan Mappin was 18 when he began his new venture and by 1780 he had already been made a Freeman of the Cutlers' Company. By the 1790s he was running a modest but well-established silver business and he also introduced to his range of goods Old Sheffield plate which used copper as the base metal.

The age of domestic silver really began at the time of the Restoration, though there are many surviving examples of medieval and Tudor silver. After 1660 there came a surge in demand for bold and showy silver among the wealthy middle classes and the even richer nobility, and the next 40 years saw many differing styles, with both France and Holland wielding great influence on design. Tea had been introduced to Europe at about this time, and fine silverware was required from which it could be served—most of the earliest surviving teapots resemble small Chinese wine pots. Fluted baroque, showing the Dutch influence again, returned when William of Orange was on the throne. But it was the Huguenots fleeing from persecution in France who brought silversmithing in England to its finest period.

Demand became so great that unscrupulous silversmiths were using the coinage of the realm to make plate. An act of 1697 decreed that silver had to be of a higher quality than the standard sterling; it was to be known as Britannia Standard. Although the act lasted only until 1720,



A richly ornamented reproduction tea service made by Mappin & Webb with gadrooned and shell rim, c 1825.

during that period some of the highest quality English silver was produced—the pieces were fairly plain but were beautifully made.

During the reign of George II there was a greater use of decoration, and the ornate rococo style, which had evolved in Paris at the turn of the 18th century, began to have an influence in England. An outstanding silversmith was Paul de Lamerie who produced many superbly ornamented pieces.

George III's reign was heralded by Robert Adam's style which also influenced silver design and silverware was easily adapted to the simple neo-classical designs; beading and reeding were the favoured borders. Soon every silversmith was adopting the classical vase and urn to give his wares the new light look. Elegant Georgian living was personified in the ritual of afternoon tea and some of the best silver tea services were made during the reign of George III. This period also marked the entry into London of items made by silversmiths from Sheffield and Birmingham.

It was in Sheffield that Jonathan Mappin was making his name. His son Joseph, also described in the records at the Assay Office as an engraver, took over the business and was made a Freeman of the Cutlers' Company in 1835. It was Joseph's sons, John Newton and Joseph, who began to give some kind of shape to the company. John Newton, the elder son, worked with his father but on his father's death John Newton gave the business to his nephew who changed the name of the company and dealt in the pearl-handled cut-

lery trade. John Newton, meanwhile, founded Mappins Brewery and made a fortune, leaving money in his will for what was to become the Mappin Art Gallery in Sheffield.

The second son, Joseph, set up a knife-making business which expanded fairly rapidly. By the time of his death (in his early 40s), he had a thriving business in Sheffield and had opened a small outlet in Fore Street, London. His four sons and heirs, headed by Frederick Thorpe Mappin, became active members of the firm when they came of age.

In 1851 the Queens Cutlery Works, later employing some 500 people, was built in Sheffield and the London shop moved to larger premises in King William Street. The range of articles produced by the firm, now named Mappin Bros, was extended to include fine plate and cutlery together with leather articles, and by 1856 they were also described as "Dressing Bag Makers". The business made rapid strides and agencies selling Mappin goods were established in America, Canada and Australia. This expansion had been helped considerably by the Great Exhibition in 1851 at Crystal Palace where Mappin had exhibited many of their wares.

In 1860 disagreements between the brothers led to a split in the company. Frederick bought a steel mill, became a Liberal MP and was later created a baronet. The youngest brother, John Newton, who wanted even greater expansion, opened his own business, Mappin & Co in Oxford Street, in the same year. He was responsible for the development of the firm as it is today and in 1862 he took his brother-in-law George Webb, a silversmith in his own right, into the business (six years later Mappin changed the name of the firm to Mappin & Webb and although Webb died soon after, it remains unchanged).

Thus the two family businesses—Mappin Bros in King William Street and Mappin & Co in Oxford Street—were in competition. A copy of *The Sunday Times* of April 8, 1860 advertises the opening of John Newton's Oxford Street premises and lists some of the items on sale (12 silver plate table forks for £2 14s) while, on the same page, Mappin Bros warns against counterfeiting or imitating their corporate "Sun" trade mark granted to them in 1837. Mappin & Co had already registered their own "Trustworthy" mark which is still used today.

Mappin Bros opened another premises in Regent Street in 1862 but it was John Newton who moved at a faster rate. Advertisements show that he was selling ironmonger's goods as well as silver to help get the business off the ground. The stock included cheap pocket knives, scissors and the popular Mappin shilling razor. *The Illustrated London News* of June 30, 1877 has advertisements for various items of cutlery—"highest

ART NOUVEAU

quality at the lowest prices". His desire to expand while still maintaining high standards was always one of his most important concerns and shops in Cornhill and Queen Victoria Street were followed by the building of a factory, the Royal Works, in Sheffield.

Victorians tried to impress with extraordinarily elaborate objects. Sheffield Plate, which had been introduced as a substitute for silver (by Jonathan Mappin in particular) and to create a wider market, was now superseded by the even more effective method of electro-plating which increased public interest considerably.

By the middle of this period the factories of Sheffield, Birmingham and London were turning out machine- as well as hand-made silver pieces with designs such as rococo revival, naturalism, gothic revival and medievalism. The tea service was again an important item in the Victorian household and was intended to impress, with detail crammed on every object—an uneducated muddle was the most common result.

Mappin & Webb were in the forefront of design and received their first royal warrant in 1875 from Queen Victoria (a warrant had been granted to cutlers William Samson & Co by William IV in 1837 but this silversmiths' business was not taken over by Joseph Mappin until 1845). By the 1880s all the showrooms were specializing in silver although some technical equipment was still being made. The same good fortune was not enjoyed by Mappin Bros. Their business did not fare well thanks to poor and ineffective management and it was sold to a Belfast jeweller, William Gibson. He in turn sold it to John Newton Mappin in 1903. The company had recently opened their first shop overseas in Johannesburg and they now controlled all the Mappin shops in London—their Sheffield factory, at its peak, employing some 1,500 people.

The business went from strength to strength and another royal warrant followed in 1904 from Edward VII. Expansion abroad continued with agencies in South America, the Middle East, Shanghai, Hong Kong and retail establishments in Nice, Paris, Biarritz, Monte Carlo (a flight of fancy on the part of John Newton who wanted a branch there so he could visit it during his summer vacation; it closed after five years), Lausanne, Rome, Copenhagen, São Paulo, Montreal and Bombay.

Since Victorian times the firm has had close ties with various royal families. In *The Illustrated London News* of May 29, 1897 there is a drawing of a casket and key, designed and manufactured by Mappin & Webb, which was presented to Queen Victoria by the Recorder of Sheffield to commemorate the opening of the town hall. Similarly, in the *Daily Telegraph* of August 21, 1902 there is an illustration of a silver-gilt casket



A fine example of a style in which shape played as important a part as surface decoration, c 1900.

presented to Edward VII by the Jewish community of Aden. By this time they had warrants from most of the royal households including Tsar Alexander III of Russia followed by Tsar Nicholas II, King Carol I of Rumania, King Charles of Portugal, King Victor-Emanuel III of Italy and Emperor Yoshihito of Japan. More recently, they have received royal warrants from George V in 1915, the Queen in 1955 and the Prince of Wales in 1980.

From the end of the 19th century and into the reigns of Edward VII and George V, men such as William Morris were urging a return to pure craftsmanship and while they turned to the past for their inspiration, it was technique rather than style that dictated them. Designers were beginning to realize that they could respect the past without neglecting the future, and from this period stem the many artist-craftsmen who have begun to make a comeback in recent years. The Art Nouveau movement also had a brief effect on the look of silver in the early part of the 20th century, while in the 1920s and 30s silversmiths were inspired by the decorative forms of Art Deco.

John Newton Mappin had died in 1913 but by then the business he had built up was at the height of its success and was beginning to develop important and long-standing relationships with hotels (the Savoy still uses the silver tea services they bought in the 1920s), restaurants, clubs, military messes, railway and shipping companies (Cunard was to be a major purchaser).

The plain designs after the Second World War were totally utilitarian due to the shortage of raw materials and to the effects of six years of conflict. Ideas from Sweden were the most popular and continued in the 1950s and 60s when everyone wanted cheap and useful equipment—stainless steel threatened to take over completely.

During the 1970s interest was restored in the art of the silversmith and young designers were striving to express themselves in new terms, creating subtle curves and boldly simple lines that suited the lustre of silver. No longer purely functional or designed just to be attractive to the eye, silver is now intended to satisfy both criteria—simplicity is the keynote although many silversmiths are not afraid of using detail—cast, chased, engraved or pierced. The general public is now slowly beginning to show a greater awareness of one of the oldest applied arts but the skill of the silversmith is still not appreciated as much as it deserves. The current low price of silver (£3.50 per Troy ounce; July, 1986) makes it an even more attractive proposition, as the industry is still recovering from the Bunker Hunt crisis in 1979-80 which led to a massive selling and wastage of family silver.

The latter part of this century has generally been a period of consolidation at Mappin. In 1957 the Oxford Street branch was closed because it was felt that, even then, the street was becoming tatty and did not enhance the shop's image. Today they have just four shops abroad, in Paris, Cannes, Dusseldorf and Tokyo—for various political and economic reasons they had to shut down the others—but the 1960s saw many more shops opening in Britain.

The company remains popular throughout the world. They have expanded their quality items and jewelry, watches and clocks have been introduced, while one of their specialties is their plated silver. Originally invented by the company in 1888, when it was known as Princes Plate, and renamed Mappin Plate in 1946, the intention was to protect customers from inferior imitations and the rigorous standards set down then still hold true today. As well as a loyal home market they have regular overseas customers, from Japan and South America in particular. The Queen's Flight and HM yacht *Britannia* both use Mappin silver and HMS *Illustrious*, which set out on Global 86—a Royal Navy exercise aimed at encouraging foreign countries to buy British—was carrying Mappin's 24-piece King's Service (this was transferred to HMS *Beaver* after *Illustrious* met with an accident shortly after leaving port).

Since the death of John Newton Mappin the company has continued to encourage the family policy that Mappin & Webb silverware should be recognized as the finest in the world.

ILN AUCTION

The third edition of the *ILN*'s prize auction game consists of four items that will be coming up for sale soon at Phillips. Illustrated on the facing page, they comprise a set of four prints by Edward Bell, a London Delft posset pot, a block of 12 1840 Penny Black stamps and a 19th-century Swiss music box. Readers are invited to match their estimates of the prices likely to be fetched with those of a panel of experts drawn from the three London salerooms taking part—Bonhams, Christie's and Phillips—and chaired by the Editor of the *ILN*.

Print fever gripped fashionable London at the time when the scene pictured below, *Ackermann's Repository*, a well-known store of prints, was depicted in 1809 for the series *The Microcosm of London*. It was executed in aquatint by Thomas Rowlandson and C. A. Pugin, father of the architect who co-designed Westminster Palace.

Sport was a popular subject for

print collectors of those days, with hunting scenes among the favourites. The first sporting prints to be coloured by hand included small hunting and racing sets published in the second half of the 18th century, usually as line engravings or mezzotints. Etchings and aquatints became popular after the turn of the century.

George Morland (1763-1804), on whose work the four fox-hunting mezzotints coming up for sale at Phillips is based, was a colourful

character who took life at a gallop. The son of a successful painter, he was educated at home and allowed few diversions. As a youth he is reputed to have lowered drawings from his window to be sold by friends to finance later carousals. Hard-working but improvident, he was also a devil-may-care jockey. An excess of gin is thought to have helped cause his death at the age of 41. In the last two years his paintings, often of rural or tavern scenes and

uneven in quality, have fetched between £400 and £20,000. Two coloured mezzotints last year fetched £220 and £260 respectively.

The hand-coloured photolithograph, below, by Snaffles (Charlie Johnson Payne) shows a later, more satirical approach to the genre. Called *An Irish Point-to-Point*, c 1913, it was one of a group which fetched £4,600 at Phillips. After six years as a soldier, Snaffles covered the early part of the First World War as an artist for *The Graphic*, later becoming an expert in camouflage. He died in 1967 aged 83.

£1,000 FOR LONDON READER

The June auction game was won by a London reader, Mrs R. L. Harris of Finchley. She receives the £1,000 voucher from Christie's for coming closest to the aggregate price for the four items as estimated by the *ILN* panel. Mrs Harris's total was £80,500, compared with the panel's £80,700. Both underestimated the prices actually realized in the sales, which totalled £89,120, made up as follows:

A Sir Alfred Munnings painting	£65,000
B Worcester coffee pot	£4,800
C Japanese cabinet	£15,000
D Georgian armchairs	£4,320



ACKERMANN'S REPOSITORY OF ARTS, 101 STRAND

for No 1 Jan 1809

ILN AUCTION: WIN £1,000 PHILLIPS VOUCHER



A Edward Bell

Fox Hunting by Edward Bell after George Morland, 1800, one of a set of four hand-coloured mezzotints. 21½ in × 27 in. The prints are enhanced by their contemporary,

gilded frames. In a sale of Decorative Prints, September 29, 2pm. (Viewing September 26, 8.30am-5pm, 27 & 29, 8.30am-noon.) Phillips estimate: £1,500 to £2,000.

B London Delft

An important London Delft posset pot and cover with thumb-pressed decoration, c 1650. In a sale of Good English and Continental Ceramics and Glass, September 10, 11am. (Viewing September 8 & 9, 8.30am-4.30pm, 10, 8.30am-10am.) Phillips estimate: £6,000 to £9,000.



C Penny Black plate block

An 1840 1d plate 1b mint corner block, one of the largest known and the most important philatelic item of this period to have remained in private hands. In a sale of Great Britain

Postage Stamps, September 4, 11am. (Viewing September 2 & 3, 9am-5pm, 4, 9-10.30am.) Phillips estimate: £80,000 to £100,000.

D Singing-bird music box

An early-19th-century Swiss silver-gilt and enamel singing-bird music box by Charles Bruguier. In a sale of Clocks and Watches, September 23,

2pm. (Viewing September 19, 9am-4.30pm, 20, 9am-noon, 23, 9am-4pm.)

Phillips estimate: £2,000-£3,000.



HOW TO ENTER

The four items illustrated on this page are to come up for sale at Phillips in London in September. Readers are invited to match their estimate of the prices the four items will fetch against those of a panel of experts chaired by the Editor of the *ILN*. The reader whose aggregate price most nearly matches that of the *ILN*'s panel will win a voucher worth £1,000 presented by Phillips which can be redeemed at any Phillips's sale or sales in London during the next year. Winning vouchers are not transferable. In the event of more than one reader estimating the overall total the winner will be the one whose price on the mezzotint *Fox Hunting* by Edward Bell, which the experts judged to be the most difficult to estimate, most

closely matches their price for that object.

Entries for the August competition must be on the coupon cut from this page and reach the *ILN* office not later than August 31, 1986. Entry is free and readers may make as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be on a separate form cut from the August, 1986 issue. No other form of entry is eligible. Members of the staff of the *ILN* and their families, the printers and others connected with the production of the magazine are ineligible.

The result of the August auction will be announced in the October issue of the *ILN*. Another prize auction will be featured next month, with items coming up for sale at Christie's.

AUGUST COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

All entries must be received in the *ILN* office by August 31, 1986.

Send the completed form to:

The Illustrated London News (August Auction)
20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF

Estimate for object A _____ Estimate for object C _____

Estimate for object B _____ Estimate for object D _____

TOTAL ESTIMATE _____

Name _____

Address _____

A distinguished newcomer

Stuart Marshall surveys the Rover 800, fruit of Austin Rover Group's close collaboration with Honda

If Austin Rover Group (ARG) is to survive as a profitable producer of a range of cars from family hatchbacks to luxurious executive saloons, the success of the Rover 800 is crucial. Fortunately, the signs are good.

The Rover 800, launched in Britain in mid July, is a distinguished addition to the ranks of quality cars. It has to be, because the competition in its price class is formidable. Virtually all of the top end of the Rover 800 range, at any rate, will be bought by companies for management to drive. To establish itself in the market, the Rover must persuade managers to forsake the 5-series BMWs, the Mercedes 230s and the Audi 100s and 200s to which they have become accustomed.

Austin Rover will be the first to admit that the 800 is in no way a traditional Rover. It is the fruit of close technical collaboration with its Japanese partner, Honda, and marks a watershed in Austin Rover's affairs. Austin Rover Group has hitherto been making cars of its own design or manufacturing the Honda Ballade saloon under licence, first as the Triumph Acclaim, more recently as the Rover 213 and 216. There has been enough local content for them to be rated as British cars under EEC rules and thus be exportable to our Common Market partners as home products. All the other ARG cars—the Metro, Maestro and Montego—were planned and developed before Honda came on the scene. Their replacements, from 1988 onwards, will be joint ARG-Honda designs.

The two companies need one another to survive and prosper in a frighteningly competitive environ-

ment. Even the giants of the motor industry—and ARG and Honda are not among them—have to co-operate nowadays. That is why Volkswagen and Renault are jointly developing a new transmission or why General Motors has small cars made by its partner Isuzu and sells them as Chevrolets in the USA.

The Rover 800 and its Honda counterpart, the Legend, take this co-operative process a stage further. It is probably the first time that two companies have sat down together and jointly planned, designed, developed and are now manufacturing a new car. Although there are external differences, Rover 800 and Honda Legend cannot disguise their common parentage.

They are medium-large, front-wheel-driven, four-door saloons, powered in the Rover 800's case by an all-British four-cylinder, 2 litre engine or a Honda 2.5 litre V6 according to price. The 800 takes over from the Rover SD-1 though the latter's demise will be gradual. Later on ARG will be manufacturing the Honda Legend version for sale in EEC countries.

The two four-cylinder engines have four valves per cylinder, electronic ignition and fuel injection. Although based on an existing ARG "O"-series engine, they must be considered as new power units. The Honda V6 also has four valves per cylinder and fuel injection. Power outputs range from 120 horsepower in the least potent four-cylinder to 173bhp for the V6. Four transmissions are specified. They are a Honda-designed, though soon to be made in Britain, five-speed manual, a

German ZF four-speed automatic for the four-cylinder cars and Honda's own four-speed automatic for the V6. Both automatics have a lock-up system for high-speed fuel economy.

Fully independent suspension is used—the old Rover SD-1 had a non-independent rear axle which was not its best feature—and the brakes are discs all round. The cars are highly specified. Standard equipment includes electric front windows, power steering, central locking, stereo radio-cassette player, seats adjustable for height and lumbar support, and rake-adjustable steering. As one moves up the range to the top model, the V6-engined Sterling, such civilized items as air conditioning, electronic memory settings for driver's seat and door mirrors, powered glass sunroof, leather seats, cruise control and individually adjustable rear seats are included.

ARG would be the first to admit that the Honda influence on the 800's mechanical design is dominant. But inside, the Rover tradition is seen in an understated elegance that European buyers insist upon and which North American buyers delight in but do not get from domestic manufacturers. The new car will be on sale in the USA early next year, where it will be known as the Sterling. Rover to Americans is the name for a dog, not a prestigious imported car.

My driving experience of the Rover 800 is fairly limited. The international launch took place in Switzerland. This might be thought a curious choice in view of the well known reluctance of the Swiss

police to overlook any infringement on the motorway speed limit. ARG claims maximum speeds of between 126mph and 133mph for the new cars and these I must take on trust.

Only in Germany do maximum speeds, or the possibility of cruising at 120mph and more, have any relevance. The typical Rover 800 buyer will be more interested in the car's ability to sustain motorway speeds quietly enough for the radio to be enjoyed. Seat comfort and road noise suppression, the efficiency of the ventilation, the precision and lack of effort to the steering, the power of the brakes—these are the things that count to mature motorists who use cars of the Rover's class.

I am happy to report that I found the 800's suppression of road noise and its ride comfort to be in the Jaguar class, and there is no higher praise. The V6 engine was even more refined than the four-cylinder units, though these are fully worthy of so urbane a motor car. Overall gearing of the manual models is not excessively high—the V6 does 24.5mph per 1,000rpm in fifth, the four-cylinder models 21.7mph—and this makes them flexible in town traffic, brisk to accelerate in the higher gears. Fuel consumptions in the 29mpg to 34mpg area are suggested by the official figures.

The new cars are in British showrooms now at prices ranging from £11,820 to £18,795. At present only a four-door saloon with a large boot is offered but a five-door hatchback will be here within the year, followed later by a smart and sporting coupé. A luxury estate car is a longer-term prospect ○



Styling of the new Rover 800 series is elegant but middle of the road so is not likely to date. Left, in the foreground, the Sterling, the top model, with alloy wheels and powered glass sunshine roof and behind, the 820i and 820Si. Above, the 820i's interior.

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E N G I N E E R I N G I N

A F I N E R F O R M

Southern India's smiling face

Joan Bakewell discovers a country which, despite its hardships, offers many unexpected rewards.

It is 6am and raining hard. I am standing by an open food stall in the forecourt of Tanjore's bus station, breakfasting on tea made with hot milk and over-sweet yellow biscuits. Our bags are loaded on the dusty ramshackle bus for the eight-hour journey which, with the loud and constant honking attendant on all motorized transport in these parts, will deposit me in Madras with a throbbing headache and aching limbs.

What am I doing here? And what components of holiday pleasure are here evident? Few that the brochures would recognize. For I am stepping from the predictable world of tourism, whose satisfactions I by no means underrate, into the world of travel, whose rewards I am just beginning to understand. Southern India is still a place for travellers. Indeed being a traveller there is for me a state of total happiness.

Of course, in certain areas tourism is already well entrenched. Kovalam Beach Resort near the southern tip of India has a string of white beaches, palm-fringed, with Indian Ocean breakers rolling in. The place has been colonized by hippies who find cheap accommodation and cheap food in the small brick houses and palm-frond-roofed cafés the local people have built. It appears no palm trees have been felled, no access road driven through, no local people dispossessed. The balance between foreign intrusion and the existing community is finely tuned. Here bronzed and topless Australian girls play volley ball while sari-clad Indian women giggle and splash, fully dressed, at the water's edge.

Some 50 miles north, at Quilon in the lush coastal state of Kerala, is another stretch of beach, still as Kovalam must once have been. No tourism. Under coconut palms set 50 yards back from the beach, villages of palm-branch huts extend for miles. Hundreds of fishing boats lie beached side by side. Big black crows swoop and caw, small groups of children, some carrying school books, run to surround us. Nearby there is a formal garden: the Mahatma Gandhi Memorial Park, a deserted aquarium—no fish, rusty tanks—and the now-derelict Terminus cinema, whose Art Deco wall frieze of ocean liners testifies to past aspirations. Where Kovalam has glamour, Quilon has a sadder truth.

In India you give up some things and gain much more. Fastidiousness about material things must go. To



The great Meenakshi Temple at Madurai, a centre of Hindu pilgrimage.

fuss about European standards of cleanliness is to perpetuate your own misery. You must learn to kill cockroaches. Water drains from the hotel bathroom handbasin straight onto the floor: ignore it. Light bulbs rarely have shades, and hang in bleak isolation in the middle of tall, gaunt rooms. Almost every building in southern India could do with a lick of paint, inside and out. Walls are universally shabby. The only buildings we saw being spruced up with fresh colours were the Catholic churches preparing for the Pope's visit. And they needed it least.

Instead you seek and find perpetual small delights: on the west coast in Kerala the spice warehouses of Cochin, their hessian sacks pungent with the heady odours of cardamom, ginger and cloves; the canals around Alleppey where huge fishing nets cantilever over the water.

Slowly, as you discard western preconceptions, you begin to see life as it is for the Indians. And it is a desperate struggle. People try to sell you everything, from a temple elephant's blessing to a pebble from the shore. They are expert and eager traders. On Kovalam Beach we were approached by a man from Ladakh in the Himalayas, a tall, stately man with a discreet smile, not the wide grin of the Kerala people. He spread at our feet a display of gorgeous jewelry—turquoise, amber, cornelian, garnets, silver. All winter, he explained, the women of his village are making the jewelry. The journey south to sell it takes him and his son away from home for six months.

And Indians will always make things to order. At Madurai, a teeming city of Hindu pilgrimage, 100 Singer sewing machines are lined up within the open market, each with its tailor ready to make up the bales of Madras cottons to the customer's size and taste. We ordered trousers and matching shirts: less than £10 for the lot and ready within four hours. Others, less fortunate, tout for trade and do not get it. At Tanjore railway station a puny boy struggled to lift our unwieldy bag onto his head—the Indian way of carrying anything—but its weight proved too much. He lost out to a stronger colleague. The bicycle rickshaws clamour outside the hotels. Those decked with the most trinkets catch western eyes first. Life is a cut-throat business. And Indians, without losing their natural gaiety of spirit, perpetually work hard to do any favour that will earn a rupee or two.

The pleasures of southern India are primarily rural. Periyar National Park covers 300 square miles, the natural habitat of a reputed 2,000 elephants and 46 tigers. A reservoir created from a network of flooded valleys allows access by boat. Turning a corner we came upon 25 elephants grazing along the water's edge. There was much agitation among the passengers: Indians crying out with delight, Europeans with binoculars insisting "Shush, shush" lest the animals take flight.

The southern state of Tamil Nadu is renowned for its Chola temples. The Chola Empire rose to power in the 10th century AD, but its finest

temples and bronzes date from the 11th and 12th centuries. Tanjore, the Chola capital, has some 70 temples, each with its own *gopurams*—pyramidal gateways, some 50 feet high, encrusted with painted stone carvings of gods, goddesses, men and demons. In smaller towns around Tanjore are more temples—some gaudily decked out in fairground colours, others, as at the exquisite Dhurasuram, being meticulously restored and matching in grace, skill and inspiration the finest sculptures man has made.

Madurai is special in a different way. The vast Shree Meenakshi Temple attracts some 10,000 pilgrims a day to its labyrinthine complex of pillared corridors and shrines—to the western eye more Cecil B. DeMille than sacred architecture. But beyond the throng of beggars, traders and the busy stalls that crowd the outer halls, there hovers the heightened intensity of the inner sanctum. Brahmin monks take gawping westerners in tow and explain the noisy and thrilling rituals. Medieval cathedrals might have been like this. But the Hindu pantheon of gods is altogether jollier, a multiplicity of arms and legs suggesting untiring and exuberant activity.

India is a rich tapestry of a country: Kerala and Tamil Nadu are its lush tropical southern fringes. Its problems of bureaucracy, overpopulation and poverty seem less appalling than in the teeming cities farther north. The sun shines and the people smile. Travelling among them is a joy ○

Our Travel Editor writes:

The author's travel arrangements were made by International Railtours, a company based in Northern Ireland, who specialize in independent holidays geared to individual needs. Costs vary according to requirements but a two-week tour in southern India with flights from London and individual travel costs around £900.

Of the other UK-based companies with Indian holidays in their programmes, Cox & Kings have a 17-day conducted tour to southern India including Madras, Madurai and Cochin with seven departure dates from London between September and March, costing between £1,375 and £1,830 a person with two sharing. They also will arrange "tailor-made" tours to India.

Addresses: Government of India Tourist Office, 7 Cork Street, London W1X 2AB (437 3677). International Railtours, 60 Cable Road, Whitehead, Co Antrim, Northern Ireland, BT38 9PZ (0232 231498). Cox & Kings Travel, 46 Marshall Street, London W1V 2PA (439 1629).

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Leaving you in a secure, welcoming driving environment.

And a little happier about working late.



E N G I N E E R I N G I N

A F I N E R F O R M

COLUMBIA ROAD



Columbia Road
Flower Market

Edna Lumb

The flower market in Columbia Road, E2, deserves to be much better known, for on spring and summer Sunday mornings this short street of terraced houses and shops, some still glorying in their Victorian fronts, transforms a small part of Bethnal Green into one of the most colourful and sweet-scented areas of London. The flowers, plants, shrubs, herbs, bulbs, small trees and other ingredients of the garden, indoor as well as out, will vary according to the season, but none of them will be there for long. This is a market where everything, at least on the plant and flower stalls, really does have to go, and by lunchtime. The traders are keen to close a quick deal, and as a result there can be no cheaper place to buy plants or cut flowers anywhere in London.

On a recent visit we were happy to take away a dozen fuchsia for a fiver, and even more pleased to secure a box of 12 ivy-leaved geraniums for three quid.

The market is not just for things that grow. All year there are stalls of terracotta pots, others of garden ornaments (bird baths, unpainted concrete cats, gnomes and Venuses, a *Manneken-pis* to put beside the garden pond), displays of artificial and dried flowers, barrows of fertilizer, *jardinières* and gardening tools. At Christmas there are trees, holly and laurel-wreaths.

Just over a century ago Columbia Road was the site of the great but short-lived market inspired by Baroness Burdett-Coutts. A magnificent Gothic construction, with stained-glass

windows and bells that chimed a hymn every 15 minutes, the market was intended to provide impoverished costermongers with a shelter for their labours. The costermongers never took to it, and though persistent attempts were made to find a use for the building none was successful and in 1960 it was pulled down. The flower market has been more successful. It started up in the shadow of the Burdett-Coutts Columbia Market in the 1930s and has flourished more strongly in the sunshine that flooded in once the remnants were removed. That this specialized market meets a need is quite evident from the happy smiles visible through the flowers and foliage carried away each Sunday morning.

JAMES BISHOP

ENGINEERING IN A FINER FORM



THE NEW ROVER 800 SERIES

Forget the norm, the expected, the lack-lustre. Brush aside all thoughts of compromise.

Instead, feast your eyes on the new Rover Sterling. Stand back and appreciate the timeless elegance and clean lines of the car. And not merely because they please the eye.

The pure aerodynamic shape helps to reduce the drag factor to a minimum providing you with a smooth, confident ride as well as a haven of peace and quiet.

Also, the longer you spend at the wheel of the Sterling the more you'll grow to love the relaxed, almost serene atmosphere in the car.

The electronically adjusted Connolly hide seating, complemented by an abundance of walnut, proves that traditional luxury still sits comfortably in today's hi-tech age.

While air-conditioning, an in-car computer and a seat that remembers your ideal driving position all remind you that progress too has its advantages.

Other comforts and refinements include a powered

glass sunroof, head-lamp power wash and anti-lock braking. And, for your relaxation, there's the eight speaker, stereo radio/cassette with a hi-power amplifier, boasting 20 watts per channel.

Mind you, the Sterling isn't simply luxury on wheels. It's first and foremost a car to be driven.

The 2.5 litre, V6 fuel-injected engine and its twenty four valves see to that. Generating full-blooded power that will take you to over 130 mph* before you know it.

But the real excitement comes in the way the Sterling handles that power. The front wheel drive, light body weight and double wishbone front suspension all combine to produce handling yet to be achieved by other luxury saloons.

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The power behind the tomb

Bernd Scheel of Hamburg University describes how changes in the decoration of the tomb of Queen Tausert, the only woman to hold the rank of pharaoh, reflect the power struggle associated with her reign.

The chronological classification of the historical events in ancient Egypt at the end of the 19th Dynasty and the beginning of the 20th Dynasty (about 1185 BC) is still a matter for discussion amongst Egyptologists. The exact succession of the Egyptian rulers in that period can be named but many details of the pharaohs' struggles for power are still unknown. Those problems may be solved in the future by further archaeological and epigraphic research in Egypt.

One of the most interesting characters at the end of the 19th Dynasty was Queen Tausert. She held a special political position, which has been the subject of frequent discussions by numerous Egyptologists. It was unusual for a queen of the 19th Dynasty to have a tomb made for herself in the Valley of the Kings at Thebes. When the work started for her rock-cut decorated tomb (No 14 in the west of the Valley) Tausert was then a queen and did not hold the rank of pharaoh. A queen in those days was not buried in the royal necropolis in the Valley of the Kings but in the Valley of the Queens which is situated south-west of the Valley of the Kings. Normally only a pharaoh had the right to order the construction of a decorated tomb in the Valley of the Kings; well-regarded persons or officials of high rank received an undecorated small shaft tomb as a special honour by the pharaoh.

Compared to the royal tombs in the Valley, Tausert's tomb, about 112 metres in length, is one of the longest and finest in the Valley of the Kings. Although much of the decoration on the walls and ceilings near the entrance and the first two corridors is badly damaged, the inner parts of the tomb display magnificent colours. The preserved and, in particular, the damaged, decoration of the tomb shows different phases of architectural construction and design.

For the first time the complete tomb of Tausert is being examined in several archaeological surveys by a group of Egyptologists of the University of Hamburg under the direction of Professor Hartwig Altenmüller; the aim is to corroborate, complete or revise our knowledge of the historical events of the late 19th

Dynasty. The archaeological work is intended to collect new material for a comprehensive publication on Tausert and her large tomb.

As the official wife and queen of Sethos II, Tausert held the title of the "King's Great Wife". Until now it has been impossible to produce details of Tausert's background from archaeology or epigraphy. The union of King Sethos II and Queen Tausert was not blessed by children, and after the early death of Sethos II there was no direct successor to the throne. To solve those problems, Siptah, the son of Sethos II and one of his wives named Sutaia, became heir to the throne. Siptah was under age and was only the son of a "King's Wife" and not of a queen or of the "King's Great Wife". Therefore he needed the support of Queen Tausert. As the widow and the only "King's Great Wife" of Sethos II, Tausert ruled for the young king. It was either at the end of Sethos's reign or during the first year of Siptah's kingship that Tausert ordered work to be started on her tomb in the Valley of the Kings. The title of a "Hereditary Princess", which Tausert held as a female regent, is still visible outside her tomb to the right of the entrance.

The architecture of the first phase of the building of Tausert's tomb corresponded to the usual kings' tombs of the 19th and 20th Dynasty. Her tomb, however, was not of royal size: the corridors, halls and pillars of the sarcophagus hall were smaller than those of the kings' tombs. The decoration on the walls of the entrance corridor in Tausert's tomb did not show the usual inscriptions for the dead which are to be found in the kings' tombs, but scenes found in queens' tombs. In those scenes in the entrance corridor, Tausert, in her position as "Hereditary Princess" and the "King's Great Wife", and Siptah, in his position of the official king, were standing in front of gods and goddesses. Among them were the falcon-headed god Re-Harakhti, the dog-headed Anubis, the goddess Isis, the falcon-headed Horus and the gods Nefertem and Ptah, the earth-god Geb, a ram-headed Re-Harakhti and the goddesses Maat, Hathor and Nephthys.

Although Tausert had a strong

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position as a "Hereditary Princess" and female regent she did not possess the legitimate authority to become pharaoh herself during the kingship of Siptah. She was denied strong political power because a high official named Bay took care of the young Siptah and maintained his political rights. Bay held the extraordinary title of a "Great Treasurer of the Entire Country". This position may be compared to the function of a chancellor. He was of Syrian descent like Siptah's mother Sutailja. Bay would qualify for a decorated tomb in the Valley of the Kings like Tausert. The unfinished tomb of Bay (No 13 in the Valley) is located very near to the tombs of Tausert and Siptah (No 47 in the Valley).

During her time as a female regent Tausert's tomb was built and decorated to a length of about 60 metres with several corridors, rooms and an eight-pillared sarcophagus hall. The pillars were decorated by reliefs showing the Queen and different gods and goddesses such as Hathor, Thoth, Osiris, Anubis, Geb, Khnum, Neith, Nephthys, Ptah, Atum and Isis.

When Siptah was still the official King of Lower and Upper Egypt, the Chancellor Bay lost his influence over political affairs. In the fourth year of Siptah's kingship Bay was mentioned for the last time in the records of ancient Egypt and during this period Tausert tried to win more power.

The archaeological work in the tomb of Tausert proves that she proclaimed herself Pharaoh to rule on equal terms with Siptah. During her regency Tausert began to enlarge her tomb with a second pillared hall behind her first sarcophagus hall. The measurements of the added parts are of royal dimensions. At that stage of construction Tausert assumed the rank of pharaoh and changed her official title. Traces of

Decoration from the pillars of the sarcophagus hall: left, the goddess Hathor; centre, a double scene with Osiris being faced by his son Horus on the left and by Anubis; right, Horus on his own.



colour still visible in the tomb show that she altered the inscription of her title in the entrance corridor. The pictorial and inscripational presentations of Siptah remained untouched at that time.

That second phase of construction and decoration of the tomb was of short duration. Siptah died during his sixth year of kingship and Tausert acquired total power. She stopped the work in her tomb only a few days after Siptah's death, as two hieratic inscriptions show. Instead of the second hall Tausert ordered the construction of an additional 52 metres to the previous length of 60 metres.

This third phase of construction shows royal measurements every-

where and is comparable to the kings' tombs of the Ramesside period (19th and 20th Dynasty). Tausert's absolute power corresponded again with the changing of the wall decoration of her tomb. In the entrance corridor, Tausert is shown as pharaoh acting before the gods.

Tausert had the reliefs of Siptah plastered over and replaced by pictures of her deceased husband Sethos II. Parts of the decoration inside the tomb were not modified and the constructions of the third phase in royal measurements were not finished. Probably Tausert was not able to finish her tomb as pharaoh.

Tausert's powerful opponent in

A relief of Queen Tausert from the entrance corridor of her tomb in the Valley of the Kings at Thebes.

that period was Setnakht, whose descent is not exactly known. On a stela found in 1971 on the island of Elephantine in the Nile, Setnakht justifies his claim to the Egyptian throne. The hieroglyphic inscriptions in the stela record disorder and confusion during the reign of Queen Tausert; a time of chaos, impiety and godlessness; a time when the Egyptian gods appointed Setnakht to re-establish the divine order. During those struggles with Setnakht, Tausert died; she had not ruled alone for even two years. Setnakht ascended the throne as the founder of the 20th Dynasty.

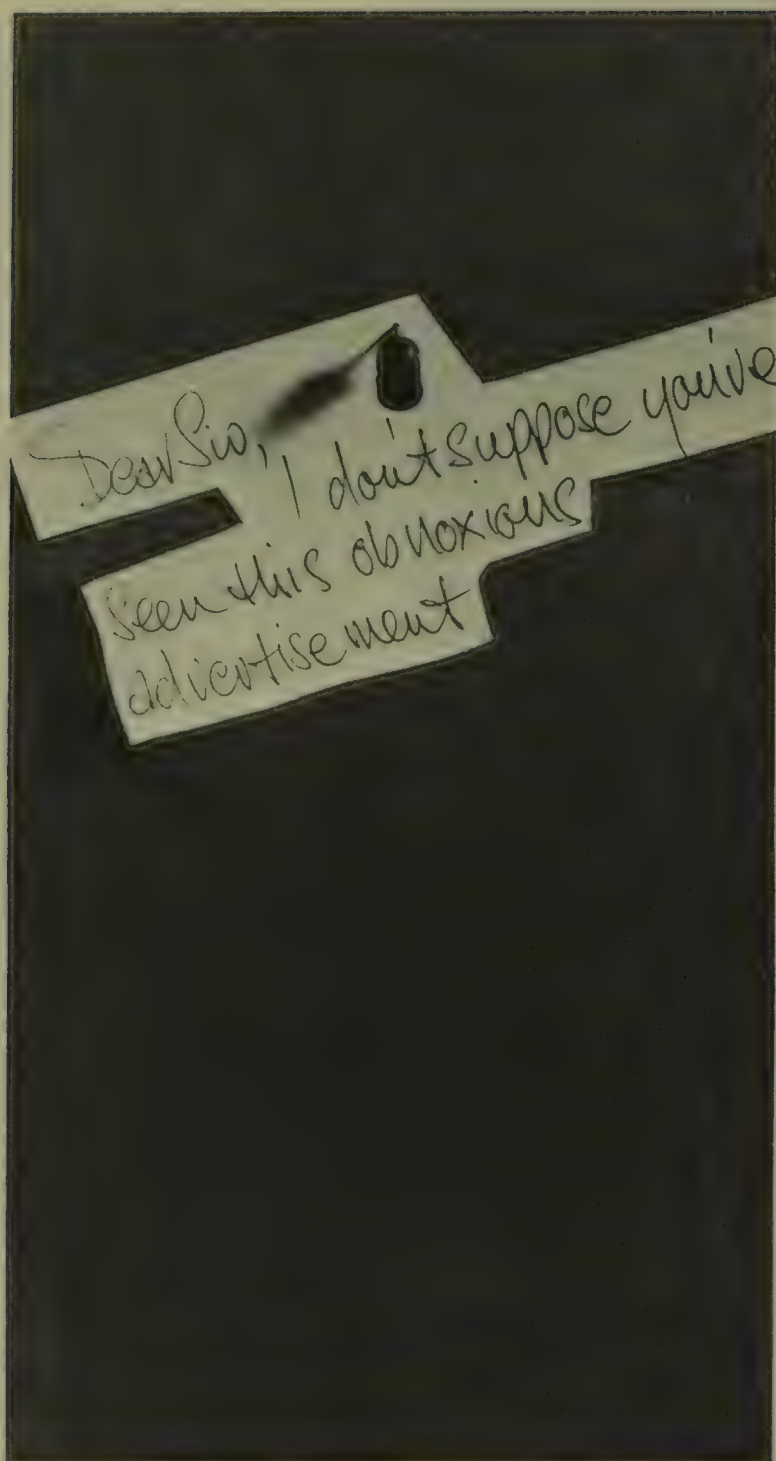
After his triumph over Tausert Setnakht usurped the Queen's tomb. He had the cartouches of Tausert with her inscribed names effaced. Archaeological work in the tomb reveals a final changing of the wall decorations. Pictorial and inscripational presentations of Tausert were plastered over and changed into presentations of Setnakht. But those works must have been done in a hurry because the paintings are of a very rough quality. The unfinished parts of Tausert's tomb were not completed by the usurper. Even the outlines of the "Book of That which is in the Underworld" in the last corridor, leading to the annexed sarcophagus hall, were not cut in relief.

Those incomplete and rough alterations to Tausert's tomb might have been caused by the early death of Setnakht who died shortly after Tausert. He had no time to build his own king's tomb in the Valley. The burial of Setnakht in the tomb of Tausert is proved by his cartouches found on the broken sarcophagus in the annexed pillared hall. Setnakht's son Ramses III became king of Upper and Lower Egypt ○

Bernd Scheel is Magister Artium and Assistant of Egyptology at the Archaeological Institute of the University of Hamburg.



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REVIEWS



DONALD COOPER

THEATRE

Scofield in magnificent form

BY J. C. TREWIN

It is autumn in Central Park, New York. The leaves are falling. Before Tony Walton's decorative arch—and upper roadway—on the stage of the Apollo Theatre, two old men are sitting, a Jew and a Negro. They do not yet know each other's names, but one of them is determined to talk. He does so in a voice sounding like a stream flowing over a corrugated surface. The speed varies with his enthusiasm for the story he is telling; he is possibly the only man who can contrive to make three syllables of the word "and".

This veteran Nat is a totally unrecognizable Paul Scofield, back after four years and giving a magnificent character performance in *I'm Not Rappaport*, an American comedy by

Herb Gardner, directed by Dan Sullivan. Its title, derived from a scrap of music-hall routine, is probably relevant because Rappaport must be the only person Nat, in his prolific imagination, has not tried. In one story to his Negro neighbour Midge (Howard Rollins, immensely charming if rather less audible), he talks knowingly about Cuba. He is so many people in the course of the night that one loses track of the order. He is a compulsive inventor; one hardly likes to call the dear man a liar because he is so happy in everything he affects to remember, or decides to be.

We get a good idea of his inventive qualities when he seeks to help Midge, a "low-income senior adult", otherwise a boilerman at a block of flats, who is about to lose his job. Impressive though Nat is as a mock-lawyer (he chooses to be "the Cobra", an "affectionate term for me at the office"), all he does is to make Midge's position worse. We do not know this until much else has happened in the Park, including a mugging and a beating-up. Though these scenes may help Herb Gardner with the action, they are less exciting than Nat's own ingenuities.

Scofield never relaxes his grasp of the character and the mannerisms of an 81-year-old who has a lot to

occupy him, and who has no wish to give in to his daughter Clara—"my own personal KGB"—watchfully acted by Susan Fleetwood. She believes that he is mentally and physically incapable. On the spot Nat improvises a romantic-sentimental narrative that, besides supplying him with a fresh (and invented) daughter, will take him, he asserts, to Israel. He goes into this with persuasive assurance that for the moment satisfies Clara but not the eavesdropping Midge who now realizes just what his acquaintance can do.

"You're a time-bomb," he says to Nat at one point. "I hear you ticking." Nat ticks enthusiastically through the night in spite of the unfortunate incidents that cause him to arrive supported by a Zimmer frame. However, even the most prolific storyteller cannot endure endlessly. Nat seems to have passed his meridian; matters have been going wrong, and he is obliged to reveal the truth. He admits to Midge that for 42 years, until he was 73, he was a waiter. Then a light gleams in his eye. He had been, he adds, a waiter—except for a period in the motion-picture industry when he was, briefly, a mogul. Midge, in spite of himself, is interested. "What did you do?" he asks. Nat, gathering himself for the kill, replies: "That is a long and com-

Paul Scofield as the teller of tall stories, with Howard Rollins in *I'm Not Rappaport* at the Apollo.

plicated story." We guess that it will be infinitely complicated. Sadly, at that point the curtain descends. It rose again at the première for a long sequence of calls during a standing ovation.

There was, too, an ovation for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at Stratford-upon-Avon. I am less sure that it was deserved. Despite the inventiveness of Bill Alexander, the director, speaking can disappoint and whatever one does with the framework, the fantasy must live on its mooncast verse. This agreed, there is often imagination here; it grows after a disheartening first scene. Although it is another exercise in modern dress, matters improve in the Wood. Romantics and Mechanicals are acted with vigour. Among the Immortals there seems to be undue emphasis upon Janet McTeer, who doubles a shrewish Titania with Hippolyta; she has a pleasant train of children's-book attendants including, surprisingly, an Alice-in-Wonderland. The Interlude goes well, invigorated by Pete Postlethwaite (Bottom) and David Haig (Quince). Still, all said, I may remember more readily the *Dream* in Regent's Park.

OPERA

Glyndebourne triumphs in Porgy and Bess

BY MARGARET DAVIES

Glyndebourne's two new productions this season have both marked a detour from the Festival's traditional repertory, but whereas Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra* constituted a fairly sedate excursion on familiar ground, Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess* was an adventure into uncharted territory. This first British production demonstrated that no amount of familiarity with the music is any preparation for the opera's overwhelming impact in the theatre—at least as persuasively staged by Trevor Nunn and eloquently conducted by Simon Rattle, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra adapting to the rhythms of blues, jazz and spirituals as if born to them. And though there could be no greater gulf than that between the well-heeled Glyndebourne audience and the downtrodden black people who inhabit Catfish Row—Sportin' Life makes the point piquantly with his "Picnics is all right for these small town suckers, but we is use to the high life"—man's struggle against suffering and adversity transcends barriers of race or social status, as the acclamations which greeted the first performance proved.

This is not to say that it is a work without flaws. When Gershwin set out to create "a combination of the drama and romance of *Carmen* and the beauty of *Meistersinger*" he certainly achieved tunes to rival Bizet and a central character who echoes the ennobling humanity of Hans Sachs, but he could have learnt a lesson in concision from Puccini and cut his first scene by a third. Its Catfish Row setting is nevertheless mar-

vellously detailed in John Gunter's decaying, two-storey tenements, which enclose the stage on three sides but are only gradually revealed, as interest focuses in turn on the dance sequence with its lithe male soloist, on the lullaby "Summertime", first of the many great songs, here exquisitely sung by Harolyn Blackwell as Clara, and then on the crap game, which soon leads to tragedy.

In the following scenes, which move from interiors to exteriors and back by means of subtle lighting while the set remains permanent, the action becomes more concentrated and the pace quickens and one is irresistibly drawn into the lives of the people of Catfish Row—their sorrow as they mourn Robbins, their exuberant joy when they set off for the picnic on Kittiwah Island, their fear at the approach of the hurricane. Trevor Nunn captures the atmosphere of a tightly knit community, with its conflicts and its loyalties. He also draws completely unselfconscious acting from this cast of singers, from the unnamed members of the crowd to Willard White's superbly judged portrayal of Porgy, which unites his customary richly expressive singing with an unsuspected ability to move a whole audience by the restrained power of his acting. Cynthia Haymon's finely sung Bess encompasses the brashness of her first appearance and the vulnerability of the later scenes. Other outstanding members of an excellent all-black cast (as specified by Gershwin's estate) are Cynthia Clarey's dignified Serena, Damon Evans's slick Sportin' Life, Gregg Baker's brutish Crown and Marietta Simpson's characterful Maria.

Glyndebourne's policy of preparing young singers to "cover" principal roles and allowing them to take over in an emergency was triumphantly vindicated in the revival of *L'incoronazione di Poppea* when Anna Steiger, who was cast as the goddess Virtù, stepped into the title role at the second performance. Her voice flowed with creamy richness along Monteverdi's seductive vocal



Study of a young woman by Alessandro Allori at the British Museum.

lines and her singing conveyed Poppea's egocentric confidence. Also new to the cast were Neil Wilson's vibrant Nero and Roderick Kennedy's grave Seneca. Richard Blackshaw conducted a briskly paced performance of Peter Hall's smoothly flowing production in John Bury's two-tier set, which allows the divinities to follow the fortunes of their favourites from the upper level.

ART

Fading Florentine drawings

BY EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

The 16th-century Florentines are often thought of as the supreme masters of drawing. The idea of drawing, or *disegno*, is central to the art of Leonardo, Michelangelo and Raphael, all of whom worked in Florence at the beginning of the century. The interest of this exhibition is that it takes the great names of Florentine drawing and puts them in context, using material drawn entirely from the British Museum's own collection. The story is, however, slightly depressing: the show starts with a bang but ends with a whimper. The great artists crowd in at the beginning, while those

towards the end are justly forgotten—not every old drawing is a good one.

After the first two sections, one devoted to the High Renaissance (the great masters), the next to what is here called Post Renaissance Classicism (the scarcely less great Fra Bartolommeo and Andrea del Sarto), the show traces the creation, elaboration and decline into futility of Mannerism. The genuine eccentricity of Pontormo is followed by the confident showiness of Salviati, the slightly boring decorative efficiency of Giorgio Vasari, and the lukewarm pettiness of Vasari's successors. Some of the products of these late Florentines are charming enough—Alessandro Allori can be surprisingly realistic and business-like; Antonio Tempesta's *Ostrich Hunt* foreshadows the fantastic world of Domenico Tiepolo—but most of these late sheets are unimaginative and sterile; art about art, formula piled upon formula.

What makes the early drawings live is the constant interchange between what is observed and what is imagined. The Michelangelo study of a nude soldier, part of the preparatory work for the *Battle of Anghiari*, has the excitement of the imagined conflict but also the determination to get things right, elicited by the actual presence of the model. The gradual loss of grip and density as one goes round the show tells us not only about the decline of Florentine culture but about the nature of art itself.



Willard White and Cynthia Haymon in Glyndebourne's *Porgy and Bess*.

CINEMA

Sombre, impressive Rosa

BY GEORGE PERRY

Patterns of film releasing differ in Britain from the United States, where the summer months are traditionally the time for the big box-office blockbusters. Film distributors in London are usually horrified by the slackness of summer business in Britain, and pray for the terrible weather that brought a temporary respite to the admissions decline a year ago. Part of the trouble lies in the disinclination of managements to install decent air conditioning in British cinemas—in America during the long hot summer the movie theatre is often the best place to go to cool off.

The fact that some 65 per cent of British cinema seats have now, after the Cannon acquisition of the ABC circuit, passed into American control, may be an encouraging portent for comfort, and the growth of new "multiplex" cinemas following AMC's successful launch of the 10-screen complex, The Point at Milton Keynes should mean that the film-going experience will get better.

In London the independents have for a long time led the way, particularly Romaine Hart at her Screens on the Green, the Hill, Baker Street and the Electric Screen in Portobello Road, and Andi and Pamela Engel, whose company, Artificial Eye, has made a go of what were two white elephants when they were in Rank's control, the former Odeons in Chelsea and St Martin's Lane. Reborn respectively as the Chelsea Cinema and the Lumiere, these two modern cinemas have become significant art houses. They have been joined by another, the Renoir in Bloomsbury, built a few years ago under a vast concrete housing project. Originally the Walter Reade Organization tried to run the cinema from New York, but gave up and it was taken over by ABC, who could not make it fit satisfactorily into their circuit booking system. The Stones, who ran the Gate at Notting Hill, came next, but last year they gave up film exhibition. The Engels have now tastefully remodelled the Renoir's two auditoriums, and cleaned up the external appearance of the cinema.

But the building is only half of the problem. Programming is of the utmost importance. Peter Walker, at the Parkway, Camden Town, has transformed another former Rank cinema, and with his two screens, the Kings and the Regency, offers mainstream films in the grand

manner that was once normal in the West End, with the result that he has built up an audience. The Engels, who have run the Camden Plaza for some years, are, as their stock-in-trade demonstrates, discerning selectors of European cinema.

At the end of August they will open at the Lumiere the exceptional film by Margarethe von Trotta, *Rosa Luxemburg*, which earned Barbara Sukowa, as the socialist revolutionary, the Best Actress award at this year's Cannes Film Festival. Its German director, the wife of Volker Schlöndorff, is an impressive filmmaker in her own right—this film is her sixth, all of which have been from her own screenplays. It is a project which Fassbinder was preparing at the time of his death, but she ignored his script, preferring to create her own, using the many letters of Rosa Luxemburg as her source material.

It is, of course, a political film, concerned with the early years of European socialism, a movement to which Rosa Luxemburg contributed a powerful moral and intellectual force. She was raised as a Jew in Poland, and after going into exile in Switzerland she became an activist in Paris and later Germany. She was resigned to prison sentences as part of the socialist struggle, and spent many years behind bars. Her Marxist beliefs tended to be purer than those of the party leaders in Germany, and she was engaged in constant dialectic debates with the intellectual wing, which she accused of writing the rulebook to substitute one form of tyranny for another. She was in prison for most of the First World War on account of her pacifism. On release in 1918 she became a founder Spartacist, but was murdered by the Freikorps who, in a state of panic, were anxious to destroy all chances of a Russian-style revolution in the defeated Germany which had now been granted parliamentary democracy.

Von Trotta barely attempts to portray the great and turbulent events of the period and instead concentrates on the woman, so that the study is largely introspective. Barbara Sukowa's skill is such that she makes believable the extraordinary gifts of Rosa Luxemburg, a woman who limped, was plain and sickly, yet could spellbind an audience with scathing oratory, write brilliant and penetrating articles for the socialist press and moving, passionate and poetic letters from her prison cells.

The pace of the film is measured, and structured through multiple flashbacks. Her lover, Leo Jogiches, is played by the Polish actor Daniel Olbrychski, and Karl Liebknecht, her fellow founder of the Spartacists, by Otto Sander, both of whom must inevitably play second fiddle to the charismatic Rosa. It is a sombre and impressive work with a great performance at its heart.



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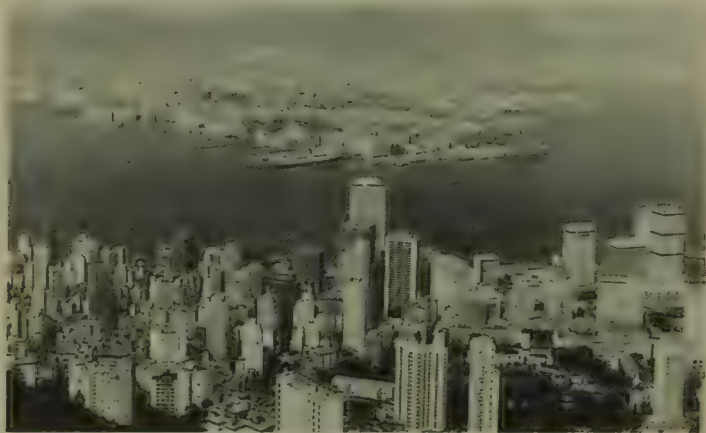
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by Conor Cruise O'Brien
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £20

This is a curious book to come from such an author. Conor Cruise O'Brien was a key figure on the "liberal" side as United Nations representative during the Congo crisis. He later became editor of *The Observer*, a paper not notable for conservative views. Yet he now gives us a book which seems to a large extent an apologia for the extreme right in Israel, a defence of the policy of the most odious Prime Minister ever to rule the country, and partial justification of a war against Lebanon which has led to untold slaughter and suffering—misery that has not yet ended. The invasion was not only immoral but it failed even to achieve its objectives in terms of *realpolitik*. What is the author doing in this *galère*—in the company of Menachem Begin and Ariel Sharon?

Dr O'Brien writes splendidly. There is never a dull sentence in this long book and he holds the attention of the reader throughout. It is not, and does not purport to be, a piece of original research. It is intended for the general reader. His model is Edmund Wilson's *To the Finland Station*, but he could have cited

even more famous precedents. Gibbon and Macaulay were engaged in much the same operation.

Their names remind us of an important aspect of historiography. The historian must, if he is to be at all interesting, have a point of view. He cannot be entirely neutral, entirely impartial. Of course he must not cheat about the facts as Macaulay occasionally did, but he need not be perpetually saying, "On the one hand . . . on the other." This is the formula for boredom and unreadability. What is the point of writing history unless it is to be read? There is no danger of Dr O'Brien failing that test.

His account of the genesis of the state of Israel is admirable and distils clarity from a vast number of rather complicated and confusing books. The forces that worked in favour of what was, in any view, one of the most extraordinary and improbable developments of the 20th century are analysed with great acumen. The author never falls into the error of inevitability when dealing with the past. The history of Israel was a series of remarkable chances and accidents. The state could very easily have never existed at all. It might be argued that the world would be happier if it never had, but this could be said of other countries with similar

problems, such as South Africa. The fact is that they do exist, and the world has to live with them. But is it the job of the world to solve them?

There is a relevant passage from an essay in the *Quarterly Review* of October, 1872 by that sombre Conservative and future Prime Minister the third Marquess of Salisbury. Dr O'Brien might well, in his new guise, approve of it especially as it refers to his own unhappy island, Ireland. "The optimist view of politics assumes that there must be a remedy for every political ill, and, rather than not find it, will make two hardships to cure one . . . But is not the other view barely possible? Is it not just conceivable that there is no remedy which can apply for the Irish hatred of ourselves? That other loves or hates may possibly some day elbow it out of the Irish peasant's mind, that nothing we can do by any contrivance will hasten the advent of that period?"

Like Macaulay, Dr O'Brien has a view. He does not gloss over Israeli brutality in the past. Perhaps he is slightly ambivalent about the massacre at Deir Yassin in April, 1948. He refers to it as "the most frightful atrocity of the entire Arab-Jewish conflict" but seems half to credit Begin's story that warning was given

and the civilians were accidentally killed in legitimate war operations. "What actually happened," he says, "may be in dispute." In fact there is no rational dispute. Some 250 civilians including women and children were deliberately slaughtered by the Irgun, and the resulting terror conveniently caused the flight of about 300,000 Palestinian Arabs from their homes.

Dr O'Brien's thesis may, alas, be correct. He says in effect that the Israeli state is what it is, that nothing whatever will shake its determination to colonize the West Bank and to refuse the slightest move towards making Jerusalem an international city. But one would be happier if he did not seem quite so pleased about his analysis and if he had slightly more sympathy with the Palestinian Arabs and the contiguous Arab states. After all they have even more cause to feel besieged than Israel which is by far the most powerful military state in the area and only about third or fourth in the whole world. The Arabs are hopelessly incompetent in battle but can it really pay the Israelis to go on humiliating them indefinitely? There might one day be changes in military technology or Israel's demography, which could bring a terrible revenge.

A great but prickly soldier

BY JAMES BISHOP

Monty: The Field Marshal 1944-76

by Nigel Hamilton
Hamish Hamilton, £15

Nigel Hamilton begins the third volume of his massive biography of one of our greatest soldiers by asking the question that can never be satisfactorily answered: "Could the war against Nazi Germany have been ended in 1944?" Monty himself never had any doubt about the answer, and his biographer strongly supports his case. The allied breakthrough from Normandy in August, 1944, set the Germans in retreat which, in its early stages, was virtually uncontrolled, and it was Monty's view at the time (subsequently supported by many others) that a concentrated thrust through the Ruhr to Berlin would have ended the war very quickly, and got the western allies to Berlin and eastern Europe before the Russians. Instead Eisenhower favoured an approach on a broad front, the allied forces

were separated—the cardinal military sin in Monty's view—and Hitler was able to plan a counter-offensive between them. Eisenhower had, as he saw it, compelling political reasons for the broad front approach, but Monty became convinced, as he wrote at the time, that his Supreme Commander's "ignorance as to how to run a war is absolute and complete".

Tact was not one of the weapons Monty had at his command and his arrogance towards his American and Canadian allies did nothing to encourage or persuade them to go along with his strategy. For the same reason, after the war Monty was hopeless as Chief of the Imperial General Staff, a post in which he contrived to antagonize just about everyone and from which he departed unmourned. Not that he seems to have been hurt or in any way upset, for he was on to bigger things—chairman of Western Union Com-

mand and Deputy Commander of Nato. In both posts Monty was able, to make substantial contributions.

As retirement loomed his mind focused more on peace. Having mastered the art of war, he wished to be a force for moderation, and this was one of the reasons why, the author suggests, Monty "consorted" with Churchill in the statesman's old age. He quotes a typical Monty letter to a friend explaining why he can't accept an invitation for Christmas: "Christmas week is hopeless for me," Monty wrote. "I have to go to London from 24 to 27 to look after Winston and Lady Churchill—who will be alone over Christmas. He is going downhill fast; she is very frail; if left alone with him, the strain would be too much, as it is quite an ordeal. The family are useless." What Lady Churchill thought of being "looked after" by Monty has not been published.

Monty himself went downhill fast

towards the end of his life, and the final chapters of the book are a sad conclusion to such an active and brilliant life. There were few friends and he had no family to fall back on. As his chauffeur and gardener, Staff Sergeant Parker wrote, "The Field Marshal, as regards family life, is quite alone in that big house of his." The final loneliness was hardly surprising. For all his greatness Monty was a pretty unpleasant man, and during his life he quarrelled with virtually everyone who might once have been described as a friend or colleague. But this admirable biography leaves us in no doubt of his stature among the great British commanders. The author draws a comparison with Nelson, and it does not seem far-fetched. The difference is that Nelson died a hero in the midst of victory, whereas Monty lived on for 30 years, for most of them full of life and energy but with no more battles to win.

»»»

RECENT FICTION

Dalgliesh and a double murder

BY HARRIET WAUGH

A Taste for Death

by P. D. James
Faber & Faber, £9.95

Sphinx

by D. M. Thomas
Gollancz, £9.95

P. D. James is the reigning queen of the traditional English detective novel. In recent years a number of her books have been successfully serialized on television and *An Unsuitable Job for a Woman*, her best, has been made into a film. With great daring she now presents the longest detective story I have come across—it covers 454 pages.

A Taste for Death starts off effectively with a Christian spinster and a little boy discovering the gruesomely murdered bodies of two men in the vestry of a Paddington church. One of them, Sir Paul Berowne, has just resigned as a minister of state. The other is a smelly local tramp. Both have had their throats slit.

It does not take Inspector Dalgliesh (P. D. James's upper-class poet policeman) much time to decide that he is faced with a double murder rather than an interrupted suicide leading to the murder of a stray tramp. Attention focuses on the former minister's personal life. He has a formidable *grande dame* of a crippled mother bent on protecting the family name, a beautiful narcissistic wife, once the fiancée of his dead older brother and now cuckolding him with a complacent gynaecological surgeon, a spiteful, immature brother-in-law, a mistress tucked away in a comfortable flat, an enigmatic chauffeur, a housekeeper whose father he failed through negligence to keep out of prison, and a daughter from a previous marriage who has joined a dubious revolutionary group. In his past there was his first wife who died in a car crash when he was driving, a former secretary who committed suicide, and a housemaid who died mysteriously in a swimming accident. In addition to all this the minister had found God shortly before his death with unforetold results. There could be no richer or more entertaining mixture of motives and intrigues to while away a good many—given its length—afternoons. In such circumstances it seems mean to grumble, but I do.

Over the years P. D. James's readers have become familiar with her detective Adam Dalgliesh—his non-romances, snobbishness, difficulty with his poetry and his general

twitchiness and moodiness—so that even if his inner life has nothing to do with the plot we are happy to be given occasional glimpses of it. In this novel P. D. James extends her canvas to include the rather boring private lives of his uninteresting subordinates. Also, unusual in a detective novel, the killer's identity is revealed about 50 pages before the end. This would not matter if the story did not degenerate into an unlikely—or in any case unconvincing—melodrama in which the killer holds one of the police team hostage. This is a pity as the beginning of the novel is quite excellent and the main thrust of it up to anything she has written. Sixty pages shorter and it might have been her best yet.

Reading D. M. Thomas's *Sphinx* is far less rewarding, even though he writes with plangent lucidity. This is the third in a sequence of novels, the first of which, *The White Hotel*, was hailed in America as a masterpiece and consequently reassessed as a masterpiece in Britain. The three novels are written in a mixture of literary forms—poetic, dramatic and prose. Why? Mr Thomas acts as puppeteer to his characters and no sooner does he capture the reader's interest in their spasmodic jerkings than he drops them and lets them smash, moving on to another set.

The novel is set in Russia and opens with a play script in which Rosanov, a Russian intellectual, anguishes between his mistress Sonia and his wife Nina and dreams about the fate of Meyerhold, a 1930s Russian theatre director, and Isadora Duncan's missing scarf which is mixed up in it all. This sequence ends in murder. The main part of the novel then starts. A squashy English journalist, irritatingly called Lloyd George, is doing the literary rounds of Moscow and Leningrad. He is looked after by Barash, a Russian poet, who hopes through good behaviour and some lucky poetry to be allowed to travel in Europe. Barash jollies limp George along, taking him on a surreal trip on "the love train" between the two cities—this part is rather boring—and tries to get him off with a series of whores. Instead, George falls for a violently anti-feminist, Catholic actress, with unhappy results. She is the sphinx of the title.

Although the novel is muddling to read it does make sense, but I was irritated by Mr Thomas's literary tricks and saw no reason for the skittish obscurantism he employs. Nor did I see any real need to place two-fifths of the story in play form and doggerel. Prose, undoubtedly, reads best in novels. Another difficulty with the book is Mr Thomas's contempt for his characters. He never allows them to exist. He wastes them as easily as he breathes life into them. On the other hand each episode in the bumpy experience of reading the novel is ultimately engaging.

THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK FICTION

- 1 (1) **A Taste for Death** by P. D. James
Faber & Faber, £9.95
Relentless forensic investigation of gripping intensity.
- 2 (3) **Act of Will** by Barbara Taylor Bradford
Grafton Books, £9.95
Readable family saga.
- 3 (4) **The Power of the Sword** by Wilbur Smith
Heinemann, £10.95
Up to standard in his usual exciting way.
- 4 (2) **A Perfect Spy** by John le Carré
Hodder & Stoughton, £9.95
The father as spy makes a brilliant spy novel.
- 5 (8) **An Insular Possession** by Timothy Mo
Chatto & Windus, £9.95
Major novel about the opium wars from one of our best young writers.
- 6 (7) **I'll Take Manhattan** by Judith Krantz
Bantam Press, £10.95
All the glamour of magazine publishing.
- 7 (—) **The Magic Cottage** by James Herbert
New English Library, £9.95
Creepy, chilling horror novel.
- 8 (5) **Niccolo Rising** by Dorothy Dunnett
Michael Joseph, £10.95
Exciting start to a new 15th-century historical novel.
- 9 (9) **The Bourne Supremacy** by Robert Ludlum
Grafton Books, £10.95
Self-proclaimed masterpiece of a thriller.
- 10 (6) **Stallion Gate** by Martin Cruz Smith
Collins Harvill, £9.95
Is that a spy I see among the great international gathering of scientists?

HARDBACK NON-FICTION

- 1 (1) **Is That It?** by Bob Geldof
Sidgwick & Jackson, £10.95
From rags to riches to feeding the needy.
- 2 (8) **The Africans** by Ali Mazrui
BBC, £14.95
- 3 (2) **Runaway** by Lucy Irvine
Viking, £9.95
What happens when you do—and then cash in on it.
- 4 (3) **Wallis and Edward: Letters 1931-37**
edited by Michael Bloch
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £12.95
- 5 (5) **Michelin Red Guide to France: 1986**
Michelin, £7.47
- 6 (6) **Going for it: How to Succeed as an Entrepreneur** by Victor Kiam
Collins, £9.95
If you like the sound of a firm and it's in trouble, buy it and restore it!
- 7 (10) **Freedom's Own Island** by Arthur Bryant
Collins, £15
Volume Two of a readable history of Britain.
- 8 (—) **The Triumph of Politics** by David Stockman
Bodley Head, £12.95
Disappointed Reagan henchman tells all—well, nearly all.
- 9 (—) **Flat Jack** by Jack Simmons and Brian Bearshaw
Queen Anne Press, £8.95
Life story of Lancashire cricketer Jack Simmons.
- 10 (—) **Collins Complete DIY Manual** by Albert Jackson and David Day
Collins, £25

PAPERBACK FICTION

- 1 (8) **Paradise Postponed** by John Mortimer
Penguin, £3.50
A delightfully witty and old-fashioned novel.
- 2 (—) **Moon** by James Herbert
New English Library, £2.95
If horror is your cup of tea, this is for you.
- 3 (1) **Echoes** by Maeve Binchy
Coronet, £3.50
Ireland in the 1950s.
- 4 (—) **The Hunt for Red October** by Tom Clancy
Fontana, £2.95
A super Soviet ballistic missile ship defects—and the Russians want it back.
- 5 (10) **Family Album** by Danielle Steel
Sphere, £2.95
The fortunes of the wealthy Thayer family from the Second World War until the present.
- 6 (—) **Confessional** by Jack Higgins
Pan, £2.50
A gripping plot about an attempted Papal assassination.
- 7 (2) **A Dinner of Herbs** by Catherine Cookson
Corgi, £3.50
A tale of mid-19th-century northern England.
- 8 (—) **Kane and Abel** by Jeffrey Archer
Coronet, £2.95
An old bestseller reappears.
- 9 (—) **The Sicilian** by Mario Puzo
Bantam, £2.95
Italianate blood and thunder.
- 10 (3) **Riders** by Jilly Cooper
Corgi, £3.95
Jolly good riding saga!

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

- 1 (1) **The Food Aid Cookery Book** by Delia Smith and Terry Wogan
BBC, £3.95
It's all grist to the starving mill.
- 2 (—) **Royal Wedding Official Souvenir**
Pitkin, £2.25
- 3 (10) **Mountbatten** by Philip Ziegler
Fontana, £5.95
A major biography of a major figure.
- 4 (4) **Ageless Ageing** by Leslie Kenton
Arrow, £2.95
- 5 (3) **E for Additives** by Maurice Hanssen
Thorsons, £2.95
At least you know what harm you're doing to yourself.
- 6 (—) **The Cambridge Diet** by Alan Norman Howard
Corgi, £1.95
Yet another way to lose weight.
- 7 (2) **Out of Africa** by Karen Blixen
Penguin, £3.95
African autobiography of the Danish writer.
- 8 (—) **Proms 86**
BBC, £1.25
The indispensable handbook.
- 9 (—) **Farmhouse Kitchen Microwave Cookbook** edited by Mary Watts
Yorkshire Television, £2.95
Sounds a contradiction in terms to me.
- 10 (—) **Floyd on Fire** by Keith Floyd
BBC, £3.95
How to barbecue food without burning yourself.

Brackets show last month's position.
Information from National Book League.
Comments by Martyn Goff.

A merchant of Beaune

BY MICHAEL BROADBENT

I return to the subject of Burgundy for two reasons: it is more complex and difficult to master than Bordeaux, and the 1985 vintage is worthy of serious attention. This month I will focus on the distinguished house of Joseph Drouhin of which I confess to being a long-time admirer. Like many companies it has had its ups and downs: fairly recently, a crippling warehouse fire, rumours of difficulties and a possible takeover by some large American company, not necessarily in that order. Not only have Drouhin survived but, rather unusually and refreshingly, in a sort of reverse takeover, they recently bought out their agents in the United States.

Drouhin are primarily *négociants*, that is, merchants or shippers of wine. Based in Beaune, surely one of the most complete, enchanting and wine-redolent towns in the world, they also own perhaps the most picturesque and historic of the many cellars—true cellars, not warehouses—tucked under the old town houses. Like most of the principal merchants of Burgundy they are *éleveurs*, a charmingly vague term meaning that they school or raise, that is to say, keep a watchful eye over, treat and bottle the wine they purchase from the growers. Also, like other leading houses, they own vineyards. Incidentally, one can tell whether the wine a merchant has bottled is from his own vines as the labels will bear some reference in French to bottling at the "Domaine".

The history of Drouhin is not spectacular. It was founded in 1786. For nearly 20 years the firm has been under the able control of Robert Jousset-Drouhin, the nephew of Maurice Drouhin whose father, Joseph, bought in 1880 the business of an old merchant of Beaune. It was Joseph Drouhin who had the luck and foresight to acquire the cellars of the Dukes of Burgundy, the Kings of France and the *Collégiale* of Beaune—quite a *coup*. He has also built up the vineyard ownership, and the Drouhin estate now comprises some 45 hectares, approximately 113 acres, in some very choice sites including Chambertin Clos de Bèze, Bonnes-Mares, Musigny, Grands-Echézeaux and Clos de Vougeot. Their Beaune Clos des Mouches is perhaps their best known *marque* and is relatively unusual in that the vineyard produces both red and white wines.

Thinking of the white, I well remember the first tasting of Drouhin 1978 white burgundies at the old Gavroche in the spring of 1980.



Shipper Robert Drouhin tasting in one of his Beaune cellars.

There were two novelties: the presence of their wine-maker, who turned out to be not only a highly trained oenologist but also an extremely attractive young lady; and a complete analysis of the wines we were to taste. Perhaps I should explain that *négociants*, who are primarily businessmen concerned with sales, usually leave their wine-makers in the back room and keep the analyses to themselves.

As a rather ignorant consumer-orientated Englishman I was amazed at the high alcoholic content of classic white burgundies in a well-nigh perfect (it still is) vintage like 1978. They varied from around 12.8 per cent to 14.2 per cent of alcohol. Most, I recall, were over 13.5 per cent, a full degree over the average red Bordeaux and anywhere from 2 to 3 per cent higher than most German wines. This makes nonsense of the theory that, say, a Dover sole and a good Meursault or an even better Bâtard-Montrachet represent a light lunch. For safe lunchtime drinking with fish a clean fresh young Moselle would be preferable, or champagne; with meat, claret. Keep fine burgundies for the evening.

Drouhin showed the 1985 vintage to wine writers and the trade towards the end of March—they tend to bring their wines over for tasting earlier than most burgundy houses. Interestingly, they also brought a parallel range of 1984s. When I say that most of the 85s upstaged the 84s you will realize that commercially this was a brave move for frankly, on that showing, I would not have bought the 84s after tasting

the 85s. Almost without exception the colour of the 84 reds was weaker, paler, more watery-rimmed, more mature-looking; their Beaune premier cru had an over-developed colour with a touch of orange at the rim. As a contrast, almost all the 85s had a good deep colour, with a splendidly intense purple rim. On the nose, the 84s tended to have a low-keyed beetroot-like scent, the 85s being crisper, distinctly immature, but with a lovely spicy fruitiness. On the palate, most of the 84 reds were dry, a bit lean, the 85s sweeter. The 85 Musigny, the best wine on show, had a good deep youthful colour, a glorious fresh, sweet, almost chewy, fruity nose. On the palate it was positively sweet, fairly full-bodied yet elegant, with delicious flavour and a sort of strawberry-like aftertaste. Its alcoholic content was 13.05 per cent by volume or weight. Burgundy is definitely a heavier, headier wine than Bordeaux.

The whites at the tasting were mostly 85s as the 84s were presumably all sold. Their Beaune Clos des Mouches blanc was pale in colour and had a mild, youthful, pineapple-scented nose with good fruit. On the palate it was distinctly dry, with a lovely oaky taste and—the hallmarks of quality—an expanding flavour in the mouth, measurable length and delicious aftertaste.

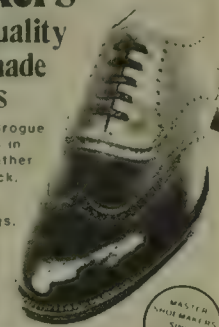
There is no shadow of a doubt that Drouhin are head and shoulders above the vast number of merchants, large and small, who ply their trade from Dijon, down through the Côte d'Or to Mâcon. And 1985 is a vintage to buy ○

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THE HAPPY MEDIUM

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A well-scrambled experience

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

One of the glories of the Café Royal until quite recently was a roomy, sprawling cocktail lounge where dozens of people could sit in comfort and have brought to them a rich variety of cocktails, mixed drinks and unmixed ones too. Indeed, I once sampled there one of the very rarest of all whiskies, Choice Old Cameron Brig. To my knowledge it stands alone as a straight grain Scotch that goes into bottle unblended with the juice of the malt. "Certainly better than no whisky," enthuses the illustrious Professor R. J. S. McDowall, and I have to agree. But then there must have been nearly 100 others to choose from.

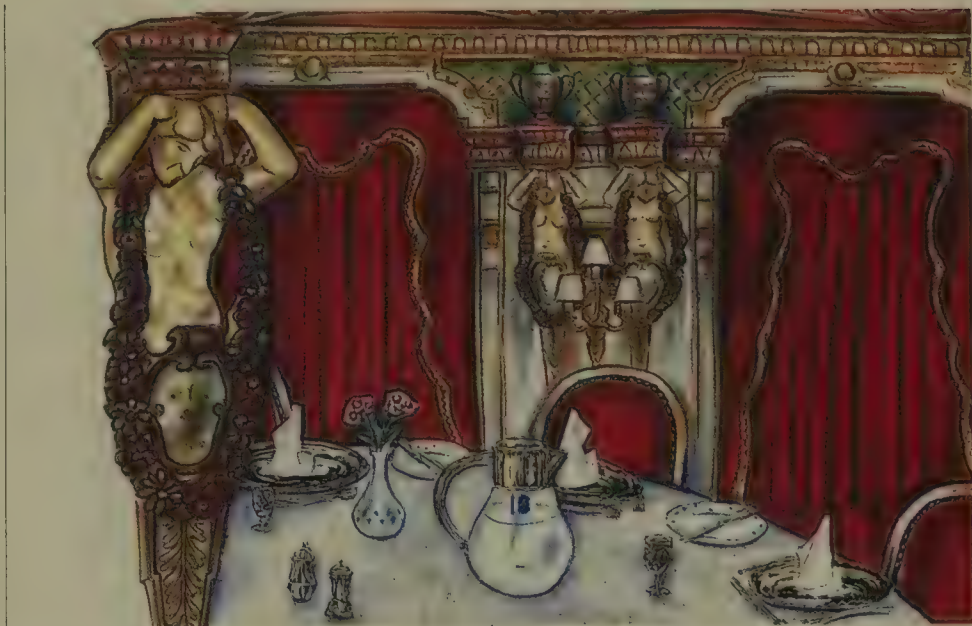
If I linger over past glories it is to put off for a moment the non-glories of the present. The lounge has shrunk to an area with room for only two parties without a huddle. Mine was one of them when I went there one evening and very comfortable I was while managing to drink most of the warmest Dry Martini I have ever been offered. From where I sat there was a good view of the posh-common décor of the restaurant with its dance-hall and Corner-House associations.

On my lunch-time visit the lounge was full and I repaired to what had become a bar in the sense of a room with a serving-counter in it, a semi-autonomous place called, it seemed, Café Nicols. Drinks of a much reduced range—only two malts visible—could be ordered there and in due course brought to the table. The general style in this part was severely unluxurious: thin, spindly furniture and a composition floor, as the phrase once went. Reconstruction was in progress in another part of the ground floor and I dare say there will soon be improvements elsewhere, but what was around me seemed meant to last.

The effect aimed at could I suppose have been that of a far-from-royal French café, but the actual result is more reminiscent of a fairly advanced provincial British Rail waiting-room, except that the chairs are not bolted down. There is a short menu offering simple dishes at a fiver or so. Good value, I thought, and so evidently did the bloke in T-shirt and anorak who was scoffing fish and chips and lager by the window. Oh dear. What would those aesthetes and dandies who quipped and caroused here in the 1890s have thought about that? What would Frank Harris, what would Beardsley, what would *Oscar* have said? As for dear Bosie...

What they at any rate ought to have said on entering the Grill Room (established 1865) is to the effect that the passing of time is not inevitably destructive, though they might have drawn their cloaks more closely round them in the vigorous air-conditioning. I have no idea how much or when this marvellously proportioned room has changed, but looking round at the gilt and plush, the little plaster caryatids, the engraved glass and the antimacassars, I could believe that nothing really had. The ceiling pictures of Pre-Raphaelite damsels and dead pheasant with lump of cheese are pretty murky by now, but thank heaven nobody has been at them, or if anyone has he has concealed his traces.

The service, mostly from waiters very nearly as old as I am, was a constant delight: courteous, friendly, dignified, interested. The wine-waiter could not have been more charming or helpful. Nevertheless the wine-list, prepared under the



SIOGA CAMERON

aegis of the renowned Cyril Ray, stood in need of revision. Some empty bins had not been replenished but their entries remained uncanceled, or in modern parlance an availability check was needed. Nobody takes kindly to being told he cannot have the bottle he has chosen, particularly if he has planned his meal round it, which even I have been known to do. Further, our Muscat d'Alsace, which turned up readily enough, was not at all in the pink of condition. Nasty glasses, too. But there was absolutely nothing wrong with the vintage port (Fonseca 1965).

I started dinner with a top-marks-for-boredom terrine with limp toast to complement it. My guest's asparagus was second-rate and nobody gave the spinach much of a panegyric. But everything else drew very hearty approval—turbot with mushrooms, filet de boeuf, scampi Oscar Wilde, no less, and the arms of Tsar Nicholas II on the china seemed less of a joke.

Any real high praise of food must be reserved for what you have eaten yourself. So: I was given as fine a dish of scrambled eggs as I have ever

eaten in my life, and anybody who thinks that mere scrambled eggs can never reach the heights of gastronomy has never come across them at their best. The menu talked of their being served in a shell and topped with vodka and Beluga caviar—well, I saw no shell and found no vodka, and the caviar could have been carried by an ant, but what I was served was superb. A sole meunière, again, is the simplest of dishes and for that reason one of the most testing: no burying of inferior workmanship under fruit, sauces or spice. I can only say that the sole I ate was as feather-weight and delicious as any I can remember.

There in the heart of Forte-land, with service and a setting to match him, a chef of the first rank is miraculously to be found. Habitues of the old Café Royal in those distant times would have swept off their opera-hats and collectively made him a great bow.

Café Royal, 68 Regent St, W1 (437 9090). Grill Room, Mon-Fri 12.30-2.45pm, 6-10.45pm, Sat 7-10.15pm, Sun noon-2.15pm, 7-10.15pm. *Table d'hôte* £40, average *à la carte* £60 for two.

A SLICE OF ENTERTAINMENT

New Orleans Jazz Café

10 Beak St, W1 (439 6556).

Creole food and live jazz are the hall-marks of the French Quarter in New Orleans. Restaurateur Mark McAinch has imported the combination along with advice from one of Louisiana's more famous chefs, Gerhard Brill, to his own Soho bayou in Beak Street.

The premises occupy a corner site with red awnings outside and room for 240 inside. Menu and décor have been evolving since the opening earlier this summer. I ate lunch beside the ground-floor long bar under clicking ceiling fans to the accompaniment of a live "trad" jazz band. The lump crabmeat

ravigote and jambalaya were distinctively spiced, a creditable fast-food version of true Creole cuisine.

The jazz has now moved downstairs where there is room for dancing and is piped to suspended video monitors on the ground floor. The evening menu is strongest on fish, including blackened grilled shrimp, trout with roasted pecans and barbecued fried oysters. Good salads and, among desserts, a bread pudding soufflé with Bourbon sauce. Call for details of special jazz events. About £40 for two.

Mon-Sat noon-3pm, 5.30pm-11.30pm (except Sat lunch), Sun noon-4pm.

Istanbul Lokanta

Kingswell, 58-62 Heath St, NW3 (435 6508).

It is remarkable how few of Hampstead's many restaurants are worth

visiting. This Turkish arrival is a welcome exception. The triangular dining area, in obscure premises close to the tube station, has pink and white linen, cane and chrome chairs and ethnic knick-knacks on the walls.

The recommended menu is the *meze*, a continuous feast of six cold and two hot starters and a "mixed grill" of various kebabs. Excellent value at £6.25, with a smooth, full-bodied regional red wine, Papazkarasi, well worth the tab of £5.75.

The live oriental organ "muzak" is not for me; but owner Eddie Halil is to be congratulated on booking Leyla, a bellydancer whose sinuous talents are on display on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights. About £25 for two.

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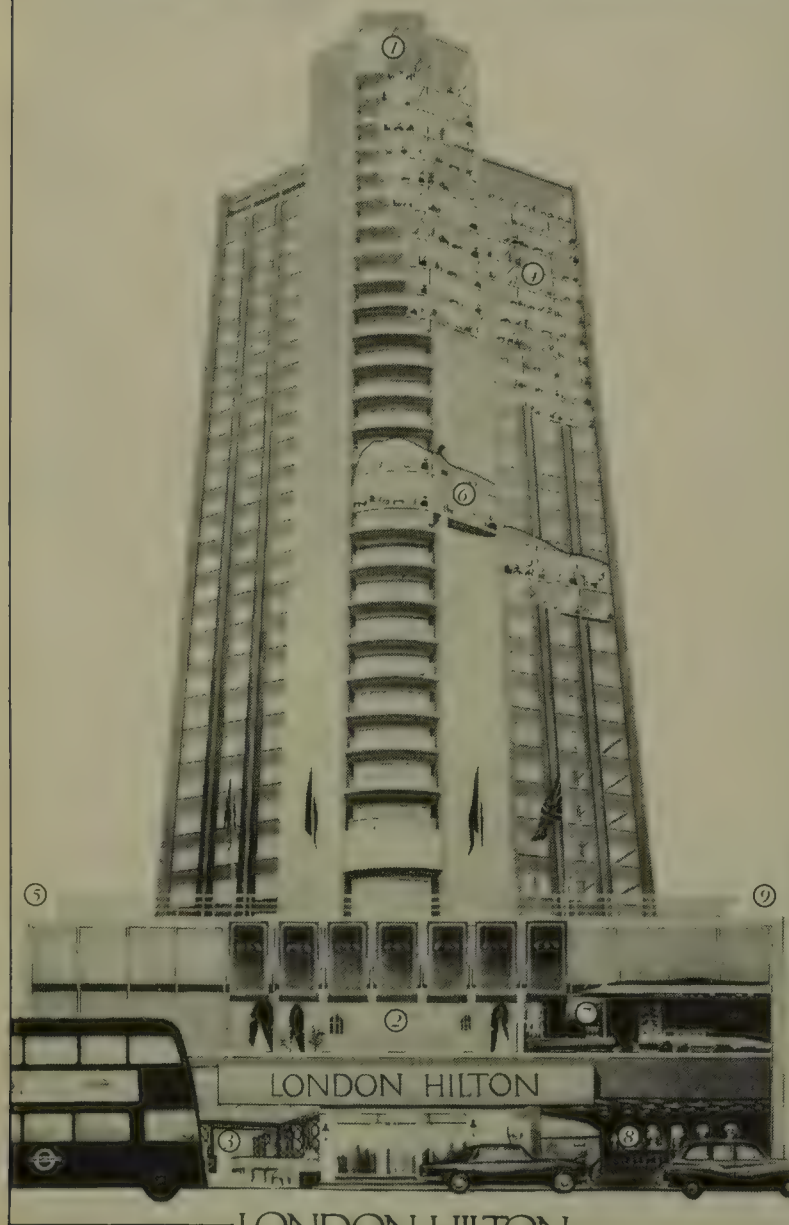
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HOTELS

Boarding in Bath

BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

Bath is one of the top tourist attractions in Britain. Among its historic delights are the recently re-excavated Roman baths, the noble Abbey, the Pump Room serving authentic Bath buns, the Assembly Rooms, museums, great squares and terraces, and alluring alleyways aglow with boutiques, antique shops and purveyors of addictive delicacies. Naturally the town has its fill of hotels and guesthouses, several of them exceptional examples of their respective class.

At the centre of Nash's supreme glory, the Royal Crescent, stands the hotel of that name, run with panache, and providing as regal an experience as you could wish for. For those who like a more country-house atmosphere there is the Gothic-style Priory, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from the city centre, with a renowned restaurant and—a special bonus for exhausted sightseers—a 2 acre garden with a heated pool. If you prefer a bed and breakfast establishment when visiting a city well-endowed with excellent restaurants, Number Nine is the very model of a modern B&B, though dinners are also served by prior arrangement.

These three places are at the pricey end of the scale, fine for the well-heeled and those making a trip to Bath on a special occasion, but beyond the pockets of many visitors to the city. Happily, there are plenty of modest but still recommendable establishments. Two reliably welcoming bed and breakfasts are Sydney Gardens Hotel and Paradise House, and you will find several score others listed and graded in the admirable *Good Bath Guide*.

A popular hotel in the budget class is Somerset House, a Regency building in the quiet residential district of Bathwick Hill, $\frac{3}{4}$ mile from the city centre—a pleasant stroll away downhill and along the towpath, rather more of a climb on the return journey. For the footsore, a local minibus service passes the door of the hotel at 10 minute intervals.

Jane and Malcolm Seymour, the owners, came to Bath just over five years ago; they first opened a small guest-house farther down the Hill, and moved to their present more spacious premises last year. The original details of the 1829 house have been lovingly restored, and there is a particularly pleasant dining-room running the width of the house. The place has a friendly, lived-in look; the furnishings are comfortable without being plush.

You are liable to meet a talking parakeet at the entrance hall ("I am Polly. I am naughty and rude.

Cheerio.") The Seymours are equally sociable and have great enthusiasm for the city. They are keen to encourage their guests to explore beyond the well-trodden tourist tracks, and are energetic organizers of special architectural, literary, operatic and gastronomic weekends.

The Seymours pride themselves on their kitchen, which is in the hands of their *cordon bleu* son. The cuisine might be described as ambitious home cooking; not all dishes in the four-course dinners are equally successful, but guests appreciate the Seymours' care for the quality of ingredients. Breakfasts, too, with home-made yoghurt, two kinds of home-made bread, and various home-made jams and marmalades, maintain the same priorities. If only more hoteliers who serve fine fare at night would remember that gourmets are still gourmets at the breakfast table.

The Somerset House style of hospitality will not suit everyone. It is a strictly non-smoking house, and bedrooms are not equipped with television. Dinner tends to be at a fairly punctual 7.30pm, and guests are introduced to each other at drinks beforehand and may be invited to share a table with another party. But if you are not expecting the higher slopes of luxury and do not want to be especially private, it is a pleasant place to stay. The price for dinner, bed and breakfast is £29, between a half and a quarter the cost of similar bed and board at the other establishments mentioned here.

Somerset House, 35 Bathwick Hill, Bath, Avon (0225 66451). Dinner, bed and breakfast £29 per person.

Royal Crescent Hotel, Royal Crescent, Bath, Avon (0225 319090). Single room £68, double £75-£125, suite £180-£210. Continental breakfast £5.50, English breakfast £8, dinner £27.

The Priory Hotel, Weston Road, Bath, Avon (0225 331922). Double room with Continental breakfast £77-£95. Dinner £20-£24.

Number Nine Hotel, Miles Buildings, Bath, Avon (0225 25462). Double room with English breakfast from £45 (from £55 with bath). Single £45. Dinner about £20.

Sydney Gardens Hotel, Sydney Road, Bath, Avon (0225 64818). Double room with breakfast £45.

Paradise House, 86/88 Holloway Road, Bath, Avon (0225 317723). Double room with breakfast £30-39.

The above rates are per night. Except for the Priory they include VAT. Service is included except at Number Nine where it is left to the customers' discretion.

Hilary Rubinstein is editor of *The Good Hotel Guide*.

CHESS

A Dutchman's legacy

BY JOHN NUNN

It might be thought that becoming world champion would guarantee lasting fame, but some champions are more poorly remembered than others. Max Euwe was one such.

He was born near Amsterdam in 1901 and learnt chess from his mother at the age of four. By the time he was 20 Euwe had become Dutch champion and was ready to enter the international scene. Although he competed in a number of events in the next few years, he took his mathematics studies seriously and gained his doctorate in 1926. Unusually among top chess-players, he pursued a normal career while continuing his chess activities. By the early 1930s he had become one of the world's top players, although his results were more erratic than his talent indicated. The world champion of the moment, Alekhine, agreed to a title match with Euwe in 1935. Alekhine was notoriously evasive with dangerous challengers, and it seems likely that he did not rate Euwe a genuine threat. In the event he got a shock. Weakened by his excessive fondness for alcohol, Alekhine went 5-2 down and, although he fought like a tiger to recover the lost ground, the Dutchman held on to win 15½-14½.

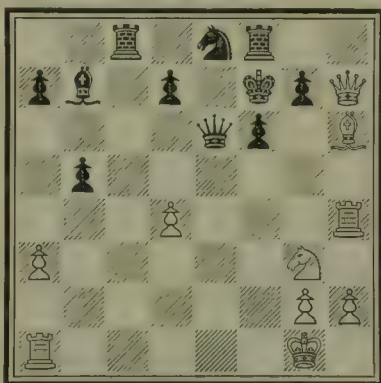
This was Euwe's best period. He had a number of good tournament results and when he generously allowed Alekhine a return match in 1937 the prospects looked even. But the Alekhine of 1937 was a new man. Stung by the loss of the title, he had given up drink and prepared carefully for the match. The result was a disaster for Euwe. After taking an early 3-2 lead he lost three consecutive games and never recovered from this setback. The final score, exaggerated by a series of losses when Euwe had given up hope, was 15½-9½ to Alekhine. Soon war broke out, the Netherlands was occupied and, apart from a match with Bogoljubov in 1941, Euwe played no top-class chess until the war ended.

This interruption, coming when Euwe was at an age when constant practice is essential to maintain chess strength, had a bad effect on his play. Although he could still turn out marvellous individual games, Euwe's tendency to blunder had increased. Nevertheless he had one of his best ever results at Groningen in 1946, even though the tournament ended tragically. Just half a point behind the leader Botvinnik before the last round, he was presented with a golden opportunity when Botvinnik lost to Najdorf. Euwe could have forced a draw

against Kotov by a simple recapture, thereby tying for first. Instead he made an appalling blunder losing a piece. It is impossible to say whether the blow to his self-confidence caused by this one move affected Euwe, but he never again produced a world-class result. In the 1948 world championship tournament he finished last, winning only one game from 20, and in the 1953 Candidates' event he was next to bottom.

Nevertheless he continued to enjoy playing the game in exhibition matches and in Dutch club chess. He was elected President of the International Chess Federation in 1970, a position he held until 1978. In his later years he wrote a number of interesting books, although always displaying a reluctance to write about his own achievements. Euwe died on November 26, 1981, leaving behind one lasting legacy, namely the extraordinary popularity of chess in his native country, for which he was solely responsible.

This is one of his most famous combinations. Euwe, as Black, is to move against Geller in a game from the Neuhausen-Zürich Candidates' tournament of 1953.



White's forces are menacingly poised around Black's king but with an unexpected sacrifice Euwe launches a deadly counter-attack based on the weakness of KN2.

1 ...R-KR1!
2 QxR R-B7

The sole purpose of the sacrifice was to remove the queen's guard on QB2. Suddenly White has no way to defend KN2 and his own king is in danger.

3 R-QB1
3 P-Q5 was the best chance, but even then 3...Q-N3ch 4 K-R1 Q-B7 5 R-KN1 BxP 6 R-K4 BxR 7 NxQ Q-R5 is good for Black.

3 ...RxPch
4 K-B1 Q-N6

There is no defence to the threats of...Q-Q6ch and...Q-KB6ch.

5 K-K1 Q-KB6
6 Resigns ○

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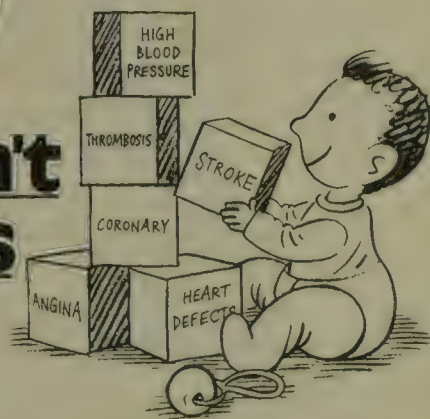


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BRIDGE

The death wish

BY JACK MARX

A keen student of the game, who spends at least as much of his time as spectator or performer, has developed a theory that in his opinion accounts for much of what he observes. It is simply that many players must be afflicted with an unconscious death wish. This hand comes from an inter-county match between two teams of eight, and it might well be that at least three pairs were thus affected, though not all had their wishes gratified.

♠ AKQ987 Dealer
♥ 106543 West
♦ 2 North-South
♣ 3 Game

♠ 53
♥ AKQJ
♦ QJ10
♣ A1092

♠ 2
♥ 987
♦ AK9543
♣ KQ4

♠ J1064
♥ 2
♦ 876
♣ J8765

responders who have no means other than a redouble to express really worthwhile values have to overwork this call, which accordingly has to cover an excessively wide range of type and strength. At his second turn, East, having so far shown nothing specific, could only hope that his partner was better placed to cope at this high level. South made 10 tricks for a score of 790, but he could of course have been defeated. With the South hand concealed, it is not glaringly obvious to West that he must shift at once to a trump after taking a top heart.

Table 3

West	North	East	South
1♥	1♠	1♦	No
3♣	3♠	4♠	No
4NT	No	5♦	No
6♦		All Pass	

East-West had the advantage here of facing opponents whose counter-measures were merely pinpricks. Nevertheless, their own bidding was resourceful and they deserved their reward of 920 points.

Table 4

West	North	East	South
1♥	1♠	2♦	No
3♦	No	3♥	No
4♥	DBL	No	No
RED		All Pass	

One of the more equivocal bids in the bridge repertoire is the single raise by opener to a response of two of a minor. The same player will often be found making this rebid on hands of widely differing top-card strength. A sensible attitude is that at best it denotes an opening of moderate honour strength which may not be much better than that suggested by a rebid raise of from one to two. The justification for raising to the three level lies largely in the discovered trump support. On these lines West's raise to Three Diamonds must be adjudged a feeble effort, which he himself by his later redouble apparently realized. Having awakened belatedly to the true worth of his hand, he might have done better in the light of his performance as declarer to have remained asleep.

North's double of Four Hearts may be charitably passed over in silence and amazement that anyone should be so naïve as to warn declarer of this booby trap. The warning was lost on West, who after two rounds, including a ruff in dummy, blithely drew two rounds of trumps. The roof then fell in, West mustering only seven tricks for three down redoubled and a penalty of 1,000. If he had taken one round of trumps only, he could have saved four tricks ○

Team A were represented by East-West at Tables 1 and 2 and by North-South at Tables 3 and 4, and there was a net balance against this team of a mere 290 total points or 7 IMPs. However, this difference masked some very odd happenings at the individual tables. Allowing for the North-South's disinclination to sacrifice at this vulnerability, it is fair to assess the par result as 920 to East-West, the reward for a small slam in diamonds. Collectively the East-Wests should therefore have scored 3,680, but their actual joint scores came to no more than minus 450. They had thus dropped between them some 4,000 points.

At the first table they were harried by their opponents and were thus induced to settle for a game rather than a slam, though comparatively this was quite a trifling reverse.

Table 1

West	North	East	South
1♥	2♠	3♦	4♠
5♦		All Pass	

North's Two Spades was stated to be a weak jump overcall, suitably reinforced for these vulnerability conditions. South's acrobatic leap seemed to paralyse West, who if anything should have been stimulated by it. If the other players' bidding is at all credible, how many spades are there left for East?

Table 2

West	North	East	South
1♣	DBL	RDL	1♠
No	4♠	No	No
DBL		All Pass	

North described his bid as experimental and his opponents had to admit ruefully that the experiment had been highly successful. Those

LISTINGS

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

ILN ratings

★★ Highly recommended

★ Good of its kind

THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

Annie Get Your Gun

David Gilmore's Chichester production of the Irving Berlin musical with Suzi Quatro in the title role. Opens July 29. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 741 9999).

★Blithe Spirit

Noël Coward's comedy, by now a modern classic, about an author's wives. Susan Hampshire plays the first one brought back, embarrassingly, from the dead by a remarkably happy medium (Marcia Warren); Joanna van Gyseghem is the second. The play wears very well & fortifies Coward's constant belief in it. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc 836 5645). REVIEWED MAR, 1986.

★Brighton Beach Memoirs

Neil Simon's entirely sympathetic family comedy, set in Brooklyn, is acted with attractive authenticity by Frances de la Tour, Harry Towb & Steven Mackintosh. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Cabaret

Gillian Lynne has directed & choreographed this revival, with Wayne Sleep & Kelly Hunter. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc 836 5190).

★La Cage aux Folles

Based on a homosexual & transvestite farce set on the French Riviera, this is an amusingly frivolous entertainment; score & lyrics are by Jerry Herman & libretto by Harvey Fierstein. Denis Quilley & George Hearn have the technique to carry it through. London Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, cc).

Cats

Although T. S. Eliot's cat poems are not among his masterpieces, Andrew Lloyd Webber uses them with craft as the basis of a musical that goes on prowling. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 379 6433).

Charlie Girl

A musical that had an unexpectedly long run some years ago is now revived, with Paul Nicholas, Cyd Charisse & Dora Bryan in its cast. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc).

★Chess

Librettist Tim Rice & Swedish composers Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus have put together an often laudable, spectacular show, imaginatively directed by Trevor Nunn. The chess game is a metaphor for political infighting between Russia & America. Elaine Paige & Tommy Korberg sing with concen-

trated force. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, cc 439 8499).

★★A Chorus of Disapproval

One of Alan Ayckbourn's best plays with its story of an amateur *Beggar's Opera* suffering off-stage & on-stage complications. Performances entirely in key by Colin Blakely as the ebullient Welsh director, Dafydd, & Jim Norton as the innocent, Guy, who, to his surprise, goes too far. Ayckbourn himself directs. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

Circe & Bravo

Verbosely self-indulgent play by Donald Freed, with Faye Dunaway in full cry as a First Lady with nuclear secrets under house arrest at Camp David, & Stephen Jenn as her Secret Service guard. Harold Pinter directs. Until Sept 27. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565).

The Cocktail Party

Alec McCowen, Sheila Gish & Simon Ward in John Dexter's new production of a 1949 drawing-room comedy by T. S. Eliot. Opens July 28. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 2294, cc 741 9999).

★Dalliance

Peter Wood has directed Tom Stoppard's version of Schnitzler's *Liebelei* with the subtlest shading. Stephen Moore is the amiably faithless, but doomed, young medical student with whom Brenda Blethyn's Christine mistakenly falls in love. Admirable performances by Tim Curry, Sally Dexter & Michael Bryant. Lyttelton. REVIEWED JULY, 1986.

The Danton Affair

Ron Daniels directs Pam Gems's play, with Brian Cox as Danton & Ian McDiarmid as Robespierre. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Deadly Nightcap

Anyone able to say at the end of the night just what has happened, & in the right order of events, is a masterly playgoer. Francis Durbridge knows about thrillers; but this one is too artificial, though its cast, headed by Nyree Dawn Porter & directed by Val May, never flinches in the task of exposition. Westminster, Palace St, SW1 (834 0283, cc 834 0048).

Every Man in his Humour

Ben Jonson's seldom-revived comedy, directed delightfully by John Caird, with Pete Postlethwaite as Captain Bobadill & Henry Goodman as Kiteley. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

Flight

Comedy about a Jewish family's attempt to reconcile religion & political ideals. The Other Place, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

★42nd Street

Admirably professional showbusiness musical. Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (836 8108, cc). REVIEWED OCT, 1984.

The Gambler

Peter Brewis (who is in the band), Mel Smith & Bob Goody (in the cast) have written a likeable enough entertainment—which should be a dreadful warning to gamblers. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 839 1438).

I'll Go On

Barry McGovern brings from Dublin his one-man show based on Samuel Beckett's trilogy *Molloy*, *Malone Dies* & *The Unnamable*. Until Aug 10. Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6 (748 3354, cc 379 6433).

★★I'm Not Rappaport

Paul Scofield & Howard Rollins in Herb Gardner's play. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc). REVIEW ON P 65.

Jacobowsky & the Colonel

In Franz Werfel's comedy, Nigel Hawthorne plays a Polish colonel escaping from the Nazis in occupied France. Jonathan Lynn directs. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Jane Eyre

Peter Coe directs his own adaptation of Charlotte Brontë's book, with Keith Michell as Mr Rochester & Jenny Seagrove as Jane. Until Sept 26. Chichester Festival Theatre, W Sussex (0243 781312, cc).

★Lend Me a Tenor

American dramatist Ken Ludwig has an eye & ear for cheerful nonsense. Denis Lawson is a triumphant stand-in in a production of Verdi's *Otello*, & Ronald Holgate is the star who is not in time for the performance. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

★Les Liaisons Dangereuses

Christopher Hampton has devised from Choderlos de Laclos's epistolary novel a play subtly sustained, with performances of comparable style. Lindsay Duncan & Alan Rickman are two late 18th-century aristocrats ➤➤



CHRIS DAVEN

Maureen Lipman dances the conga in *Wonderful Town* opening at the Queen's Theatre on August 7. The comedienne plays Ruth, her first starring role in a musical. Leonard Bernstein's 30-year-old musical comedy, based on the book by Joseph Fields and Jerome Chodorov, and produced here by Bill Kenwright, transfers to the West End from the Palace Theatre, Watford.

THEATRE continued

engaged evily in the art of seduction. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

★Love for Love

Peter Wood returns to Congreve's comedy after 20 years. The narrative is fortified by a re-creation of the atmospheric Lila de Nobili settings, & by a superb Restoration performance by Michael Bryant as Sir Sampson Legend. Lyttelton. REVIEWED DEC, 1985.

★Mephisto

Klaus Mann's theatrical novel comes formidably to the stage in its evocation of the tragic rise of the Nazis. Alan Rickman leads a fine cast; but the honours are for the RSC director, Adrian Noble, & his unflinching, imaginative control. Barbican.

The Merry Wives of Windsor

Falstaff (Peter Jeffrey) & friends in the manner & costume of the 1950s may be an acquired taste; nevertheless the director (Bill Alexander) & cast are entirely professional about it. Barbican. REVIEWED MAY, 1985.

Metamorphosis

Steven Berkoff directs his adaptation of Kafka's story about the young man who finds he has turned into a cockroach. Until Aug 16. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc 741 9999).

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Bill Alexander's new production of Shakespeare's comedy, with Pete Postlethwaite as Bottom, Gerard Murphy as Oberon & Nicholas Woodeson as Puck. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Given a warm night, this is always, in its innumerable variations, a pastoral showpiece. The Athenian amateurs, with Bernard Bresslaw & Paul Raffield, take charge of the revival. Diane Fletcher, doubling Titania & Hippolyta, keeps the music of Shakespeare's words. Until Sept 4. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (486 2431, cc 379 6433).

★Les Misérables

This French-derived music-drama depends less upon its music than upon Victor Hugo's people & a spectacular RSC production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, cc 437 8327).

The Mousetrap

Agatha Christie's thriller, after 33 years, seems to be as much a part of London as Nelson's Column. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

Neoptide

This play by Sarah Daniels, which has 26 characters (19 players), is a whole-hearted feminist narrative, with a great deal about lesbianism, that grows steadily less plausible after a promising start. Jessica Turner acts strongly the exasperating heroine. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

★Noises Off

Michael Frayn's irresistibly relishing farce, about a touring company, may deter potential actors & actresses: possibly good news for Equity. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc 379 6219). REVIEWED APR, 1982.

The Petition

John Mills & Rosemary Harris in a new play by Brian Clark about a 50 year marriage which has survived against the odds. Peter Hall directs. Opens July 30. Lyttelton.

Pravda

Though Howard Brenton & David Hare's "Fleet Street comedy" is no miracle of con-



Jack Lemmon comes to London for *Long Day's Journey Into Night*.

struction, it is lucky to have Anthony Hopkins as a South African businessman who cuts a swathe through the English newspaper business. Until Aug 28. Olivier. REVIEWED JUNE, 1985.

Romeo & Juliet

In Michael Bogdanov's revival, set in 1986 Verona, Niamh Cusack does suggest Juliet's passion, though Romeo (Sean Bean) is more self-conscious, & Mercutio (Michael Kitchen) has a luckless time with the Queen Mab speech. Not really a night to recall with pleasure. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Romeo & Juliet

Sarah Woodward's intelligent & pictorial Juliet is at the core of a sometimes over-complicated revival, brought forward by Declan Donnellan to the early 20th century. Romeo (Ralph Fiennes) has plenty of matching vigour. Until Aug 30. Open Air Theatre.

★The Rover

Aphra Behn's Restoration comedy, transplanted to a Caribbean colony, is redoubtably at home here. Jeremy Irons & Imogen Stubbs are especially well cast. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon.

★Run For Your Wife

If Piccadilly Circus heaves regularly in the evenings (& at matinée times) it is merely the effect of the underground Criterion audience responding to Ray Cooney's storm-along farce. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565). REVIEWED MAY, 1983.

Side By Side By Sondheim

Tenth anniversary revival of the show celebrating the works of Stephen Sondheim, with Tim Flavin, Diane Langton, Richard Kernan & Angela Richards. Until Aug 24. Donmar Warehouse, Earlham St, WC2 (240 8230, cc 379 6565).

Starlight Express

If you have ever played at trains, you will probably like this—otherwise not. Andrew Lloyd Webber has written it, Trevor Nunn directs. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY, 1984.

The Threepenny Opera

Even so inventive a director as Peter Wood cannot prevent this revival of the Brecht-Weill view of *The Beggar's Opera* from appearing curiously empty. Weill's music has to fight with Brecht's thoroughly dismal libretto, something with which such players as Tim Curry (Mack the Knife), Stephen Moore & Sara Kestelman cannot do very much. Olivier.

Time

This ambitious musical, like a noisy course in

engineering & electronics, is a mixture of the extravagant & the naïve. Cliff Richard sings; Lord Olivier is represented by a three-dimensional image & his recorded voice. Dominion, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 8538, cc 836 2428).

Troilus & Cressida

Why this should be set in a battered mansion at the time of the Crimean War has to be the director's secret. The treatment does no good at all to a play now often indifferently spoken, though Peter Jeffrey can cope with the great verse of Ulysses. Until Aug 30. Barbican.

★★Two Noble Kinsmen

Barry Kyle has used the intimacy of the Jacobean "promontory" stage for an uncommon restoration of this Shakespeare-Fletcher rarity. Gerard Murphy & Hugh Quarshie lead the cast. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon.

★★When We Are Married

An astonishingly expert cast for Ronald Eyre's revival of Priestley's comedy; a precise & extremely funny picture of legendary regional life. Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1 (930 7765, cc). REVIEWED MAY, 1986.

★The Winter's Tale

An unaffected production, in both Sicilia & Bohemia, with Jeremy Irons conveying the pointless jealousy of Leontes, & Penny Downie doubling, without difficulty, the roles of Hermione & Perdita. Terry Hands directs. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. REVIEWED JUNE, 1986.

FIRST NIGHTS

Acting Shakespeare

Ian McKellen gives Londoners a brief opportunity to see the one-man show which he has taken to 32 cities from New York to Moscow. Two performances in aid of Action Against AIDS & the National Theatre Studio. Aug 31 (m & e). Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). SEE HIGHLIGHTS P 9.

The American Clock

Arthur Miller's portrait of American life during the Depression, first performed in New York in 1980. Opens Aug 6. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Arms & the Man

Bernard Bresslaw, Diane Fletcher & Sarah Woodward in Bernard Shaw's satire on love & war. Aug 5-Sept 6. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (486 2431, cc 379 6433).

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum

Frankie Howerd takes the role he created in 1963, of the Roman serf trying to win his freedom, in the bawdy farce by Burt Shevelove & Larry Gelbart; music & lyrics by Stephen Sondheim. Aug 13-Sept 27. Chichester Festival Theatre, W Sussex (0243 781312, cc).

Long Day's Journey Into Night

Jack Lemmon makes his first London stage appearance in a production by Jonathan Miller of Eugene O'Neill's play about a family summer in New England. Aug 4-Oct 4. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

Romeo & Juliet

Kenneth Branagh plays Romeo in this production for which he also directs his own company. Aug 14-Sept 6. Lyric Hammersmith, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

Wonderful Town!

Maureen Lipman plays a girl from Iowa sampling life in New York, in Leonard Bernstein's 1940s musical. Opens Aug 7. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc). SEE HIGHLIGHTS P 10.

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.

Aliens (18)

Sigourney Weaver, the lone survivor in Ridley Scott's earlier *Alien*, is rescued from drifting in space & returns to earth where a new mission is mounted. James Cameron directs. Opens Aug 29. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929).

★The Color Purple (15)

Whoopi Goldberg heads a remarkable cast in Spielberg's moving film about black women & their struggle against male oppression in America's Deep South. REVIEWED JULY, 1986.

★Desert Hearts (18)

It is 1959: an intelligent woman in her mid-30s arrives in Reno to secure a divorce. While waiting out at a dude ranch she becomes involved in a lesbian relationship with a younger woman, which forces her to re-examine her attitudes. Donna Deitch's film, with screenplay by Natalie Cooper, is an accomplished, insightful & compassionate feminist study, aided by the performances of Helen Shaver & Patricia Charbonneau. Opens Aug 1. Screen on the Hill, 203 Haverstock Hill, NW3 (435 3366, cc); Odeon, Kensington, W8 (602 6644, cc 602 5193); Cannon, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 6148).

★Down & Out in Beverly Hills (15)

Paul Mazursky's observant, entertaining & enjoyable film features Nick Nolte as a tramp who is taken up by a *nouveau riche* Hollywood couple, played by Richard Dreyfuss & Bette Midler. REVIEWED MAY, 1986.

Enemy Mine (15)

In Wolfgang Petersen's ambitious, but drastically cut, film, men a century hence are engaged in fighting extra-terrestrials on a hostile planet far from Earth. Dennis Quaid is an American pilot marooned with a Drac, played by Louis Gossett Jr.

Fool for Love (15)

Sam Shepard has adapted his tense, award-winning play about stormy love in a Mojave desert motel. Flashbacks combine with the present under Robert Altman's quirky direction. With Shepard & Kim Basinger as the fiery couple, & a gnomish Harry Dean Stanton.

★★Hannah & Her Sisters (15)

Woody Allen's richly-layered picture about family relationships uses a fine ensemble cast, working in perfect accord. Not to be missed. REVIEWED JULY, 1986.

Highlander (15)

Christopher Lambert plays a 16th-century Scot, victim of a curse that compels him to battle with the same villain for three centuries; hence the clash of broadswords in a basement car park. The film is loud, silly & dramatically photographed. Even the presence of Sean Connery is insufficient to lift it. Directed by Russell Mulcahy. Opens Aug 29. Cinema not yet decided.

★An Impudent Girl (15)

A remarkable performance from young Charlotte Gainsbourg as an anguished adolescent facing a long boring summer in the south of France. By chance, she meets a gifted professional child pianist who injudiciously invites her to join her on her summer tour. Claude Miller's film, an appropriate evocation of summer, is singularly well crafted.

The Money Pit (PG)

Richard Benjamin directs a frenetic update of the old Cary Grant movie *Mr Blandings Builds His Dream House*. Tom Hanks & Shelley Long, offered a Long Island mansion for next to nothing, discover the reason the hard way as walls, floors & roofs collapse & rapacious builders hold them to ransom. There is more slapstick than we expect these days.

Pretty in Pink (15)

Molly Ringwald stars as a teenager from the wrong side of the tracks in love with one of the rich boys, played by Andrew McCarthy. The snobbish attitudes of his associates would seem more appropriate in a Victorian novel than in a Californian high-school movie. Howard Deutch directed the screenplay by John Hughes, Ringwald's mentor. Opens Aug 15. Plaza, Lower Regent St, W1 (437 1234).

★★Rosa Luxemburg (PG)

Barbara Sukowa as the Polish-German revolutionary in an exceptional film by Margarethe Von Trotta. Opens Aug 29. Lumiere, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 0691, cc). REVIEW ON P.67.

Runaway Train (15)

Andrei Konchalovsky's film is about two escaped convicts, one manic & dangerous (Jon Voight), the other moronic (Eric Roberts), who get trapped in the cab of an out-of-control locomotive racing to its doom across frozen wastes. Heavy symbolism threatens to overwhelm simple melodrama.

★Sid & Nancy (18)

Alec Cox's film about the short, tragic life of Sid Vicious, leader of the Sex Pistols pop group, who died from a drug overdose while awaiting trial for the murder of his girlfriend in New York, is masterly & a powerful social document. Two hours in the company of this puking, cursing, iconoclastic yobbo requires stamina, but it is worth it. He is brilliantly & believably played by Gary Oldman.

Target (15)

Gene Hackman in an Arthur Penn thriller seems promising, but this interesting idea is let down by the script. Unknown to his adult son, Hackman is a retired CIA man. After his wife is kidnapped, he emerges from the boring life of a Dallas small businessman to pursue the East Europeans responsible. Hackman is excellent, but Matt Dillon as the son is mannered & irritating, & there is too little of Gayle Hunnicutt as the wife & mother. Opens Aug 22. Leicester Square Theatre, WC2 (930 5252, cc 839 1759).

★★The Trip to Bountiful (U)

In a brilliant cinema performance, Geraldine Page plays an elderly lady who revisits her childhood home in the abandoned village of Bountiful. Peter Masterson's film is a gentle pilgrimage; he is served well by his cast including Carlin Glynn, John Heard & Rebecca DeMornay. REVIEWED JUNE, 1986.

Yellow Earth (not yet certified)

This Chinese film about an isolated rural community, directed by Chen Kaige, won last year's BFI Award for the most original & imaginative film presented during 1985 at the National Film Theatre. Opens Aug 8. ICA, Nash House, The Mall, SW1 (930 3647).

Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.

MUSIC

ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212, cc 589 9465).

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts. Until Sept 13.

Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra. Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No 2, with Peter Donohoe as soloist, & The Firebird by Stravinsky, conducted by Russian-born Rudolf Barshai. Aug 2, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, London Symphony Chorus, Pro Musica Chorus. John Pritchard conducts Berlioz's Grande messe des morts, with Stuart Burrows, tenor. Aug 3, 7.30pm.

English Concert Choir & Orchestra. Trevor Pinnock conducts Handel's *Solomon*, with Felicity Palmer singing the title role & Arleen Auger as the Queen of Sheba. Aug 5, 7.15pm.

Nexus Opera. A staged performance of Britten's *Curlew River*, produced by Ronald Eyre, under the musical direction of Lionel Friend. Aug 6, 10pm.

BBC Philharmonic Orchestra. Edward Downes conducts Shostakovich's Suite on verses of Michelangelo, with the Russian bass Paata Burchuladze, & Tchaikovsky's Manfred Symphony. Aug 7, 7.30pm.

BBC Welsh Symphony Orchestra. Håkan Hardenberger is soloist in the world première of Gordon Crosse's *Array*, for trumpet & string orchestra, a BBC commission, followed by Sibelius's Symphony No 2, both conducted by James Loughran. Aug 9, 7.30pm.

Nash Ensemble. Lionel Friend conducts works by Gounod, Dallapiccola, Ravel, Messiaen, Berio, with Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano. Aug 12, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Kurt Sanderling conducts Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 4, with Emanuel Ax as soloist, & Bruckner's Symphony No 3. Aug 14, 7.30pm.

London Sinfonietta, BBC Singers. Oliver Knussen conducts the world première of his *Chiara* & works by Maderna, Webern, Wolf, Stravinsky, Nono, Goehr. Aug 15, 7.30pm.

Glyndebourne Festival Opera. Bernard Haitink conducts a semi-staged performance of Peter Hall's production of *Simon Boccanegra*. Aug 17, 7pm. REVIEWED JULY, 1986.

Lontano, BBC Symphony Orchestra & Singers. In this programme of 20th-century music, Odaline de la Martinez conducts Lontano in Berg's Chamber Concerto & David Atherton conducts the BBC forces in Dallapiccola's *Il prigioniero*. Aug 18, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Yuri Temirkanov conducts Dvořák's Violin Concerto, with Anne-Sophie Mutter as soloist, & Tchaikovsky's Symphony No 5. Aug 21, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Singers. Serge Baudo conducts Berlioz's *Roméo & Juliette*, with Cynthia Buchan, contralto, Kim Begley, tenor, & Pierre Thau, bass. Aug 22, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. Peter Eötvös conducts the world première of Jonathan Harvey's *Madonna of Winter & Spring*, for orchestra and electronics, followed by works by Messiaen & Birtwistle. Aug 27, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Bernard Haitink conducts two concerts. Elgar's *Enigma Variations* & Shostakovich's Symphony No 10. Aug 28, 7.30pm. Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 3, with Murray Perahia as soloist, & Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben*. Aug 29, 7.30pm.

BBC Concert Orchestra. A French Prom at which Jacques Delacôte conducts Ravel, Debussy, Ibert & Rossini/Respighi, with Anne Queffelec, piano. Aug 31, 7.30pm.

BARRICAN

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields. Summer in the City, Aug 3-10, opens under the artistic direction of Neville Marriner, who conducts three concerts. The Creation by Haydn, sung in German. Aug 3, 7.30pm. Works by Debussy, Ravel, Saint-Saëns, Fauré & Bizet. Aug 6, 7.45pm. Vivaldi's Gloria & Beethoven's Choral Symphony. Aug 10, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Nicholas Cleobury conducts Bruch's Violin Concerto No 1 with Alan Brind, winner of the 1986 BBC Young Musician of the Year Competition, as soloist; Schubert's Unfinished Symphony & Dvořák's New World Symphony. Aug 4, 7.45pm.

Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields. Iona Brown directs from the violin an all-Vivaldi programme. Aug 5, 7.45pm. Kenneth Sillito

conducts Handel, Pergolesi, Vivaldi, Telemann, Tchaikovsky. Aug 8, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Neville Marriner conducts Mendelssohn, Walton, Prokofiev. Aug 7, 7.45pm. Lorin Maazel conducts Beethoven & Mahler. Aug 9, 8pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Robert Tear conducts extracts from operas by Leoncavallo, Mozart & Wagner, with Benjamin Luxon, baritone. Aug 21, 7.45pm.

Academy of Ancient Music. Christopher Hogwood conducts Schubert, Haydn, Beethoven. Aug 23, 7.45pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Bramwell Tovey conducts popular works by Handel, Grieg & Beethoven. Aug 25, 7.45pm. James Judd conducts an all-Beethoven programme. Aug 31, 7.30pm.

KENWOOD LAKESIDE

Hampstead Lane, NW3. Box office: Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Wren Orchestra of London. Emanuel Young conducts ballet music by Walton, Glazounov, Sullivan/Mackerras. Aug 2, 8pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Anthony Pay conducts Tchaikovsky, Mendelssohn, Chabrier, Rimsky-Korsakov. Aug 9, 8pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Anthony Hose conducts Weber, Liszt, Berlioz. Aug 16, 8pm.

City of London Wind Ensemble. Geoffrey Brand conducts Prokofiev, Holst, Ireland, Arnold, Vaughan Williams, Horowitz, Elgar. Aug 23, 8pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Charles Groves conducts Ireland, Beethoven, Chabrier, Weber/Berlioz, Walton. Aug 30, 8pm.

LEIGHTON HOUSE

Holland Park Rd, W14. Box office: 27 Colville Rd, W11 (229 7314).

Musique à Versailles. Paul Carroll, flute; Carla Mastrandreas, Paul Denley, violins; Sally Cival, bass viol; Yeo Yat-Soon, harpsichord. French baroque music. Aug 1, 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL, PURCELL ROOM

South Bank, SE1 (928 3161, cc 928 8800).

Summerscope 86: A musical celebration of the 20th century, under the artistic direction of Michael Vyner, to be held in the concert halls, in the foyer & along the river bank. July 28-Aug 31.

Paul Crossley, piano. French music by Debussy, Ravel, Poulenc, Messiaen. July 30, 7.45pm. QEH

String Quartets of the 20th Century. Three recitals by the Endellion Quartet, Aug 2; Takacs Quartet, Aug 10; Lindsay Quartet, Aug 14; 7.45pm. QEH

London Brass. Music by Bartók, Lutoslawski, Takemitsu, Debussy, Previn, Weill. Aug 3, 7.45pm. QEH

Electric Phoenix/Kronos Quartet. Glass, Souster, Guy, Runswick, Aug 3; Riley, Berio, Brooks, Aug 4; 7.30pm. PR

Maureen Brathwaite, soprano, **Graham Johnson,** piano. "I have a dream": Songs by Wood, Grosz, Milhaud, Montsalvatge, Coleridge-Taylor & American black composers. Aug 5, 7.30pm. PR

Song of the Century: London Sinfonietta Voices & Songmakers' Almanac in six programmes, devised & presented by Graham Johnson, which trace the history of the century through song. Aug 7, 9, 11, 13, 14, 17, 7.30pm. PR

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Desert Hearts: Helen Shaver as a New York professor seeking a divorce in Reno, with Patricia Charbonneau as her new lover.

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MUSIC continued

conducts music by young British composers. Aug 8, 7.45pm. QEH

David Wilson-Johnson, bass-baritone, **David Owen Norris**, piano. Songs by Ravel, Ibert, Kabalevsky, Shostakovich, Quilter, Grainger. Aug 8, 7.30pm. PR

Linda Hurst, mezzo-soprano; **John Constable**, piano; **Daryl Runswick**, keyboards; **John Whiting**, sound projection; **Steve Berry**, bass guitar. Schönberg, Brecht/Eisler, Stein/Brooks, Ebb/Kander, Crabbe/Runswick, Sondheim. Aug 10, 7.30pm. PR

Glyndebourne Festival Opera: Albert Herring. A semi-staged concert performance of this season's production. Aug 16, 7pm. QEH
London Sinfonietta. Lothar Zagrosek conducts Ravel, Bartók, Weill, Webern. Aug 18, 7.45pm. QEH

Philip Langridge, tenor, **John Constable**, piano. Songs by Ravel, Poulenc, Britten, Ives, Gershwin, Sondheim. Aug 21, 7.45pm. QEH

An Evening with the Princess de Polignac, with Barbara Leigh-Hunt as the Princess. Esa-Pekka Salonen conducts the London Sinfonietta in Ravel, Fauré, Stravinsky & a staged performance of Falla's *Master Peter's Puppet Show*. Aug 24, 7.45pm. QEH

London Sinfonietta, Esa-Pekka Salonen conducts Ives, Schönberg, Stravinsky, Ravel, with Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano. Aug 29, 7.45pm. QEH

ST GILES CRIPPLEGATE

Fore St, Barbican, EC2.

Gabrieli String Quartet. Haydn, Beethoven. Aug 4, 6, 8, 1pm.

Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano, **Roger Vignoles**, piano. Songs for summer afternoons. Aug 5, 1pm.

Peter Donohoe, piano. Debussy, Rachmaninov. Aug 7, 1pm.

Sunday organ concerts. Free of charge; retiring collection. Aug 3, 10, 17, 31, 4pm.

ST MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS

Trafalgar Sq, WC2.

Lunchtime concerts every Mon & Tues at 1.05pm. Admission free; leaving collection.

Aminta Chamber Orchestra. Donald Hoskins conducts Elgar, Mendelssohn, Barber, Britten. Tickets at door or on 78 40808. Aug 23, 7.30pm.

OPERA

BUXTON FESTIVAL

Opera House, Buxton, Derbys (0298 71010, cc 0298 78939). Until Aug 10.

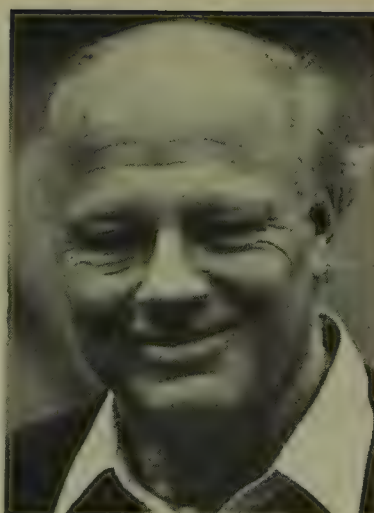
King Arthur. Purcell's opera with a text by Dryden, produced by Malcolm Fraser, designed by Fay Conway, conducted by Anthony Hose. The cast includes Alan Bates in the spoken title role. July 26, 30, Aug 1, 6, 8.

Ariodante. Handel's opera, with a story drawn from *Orlando Furioso* by the Italian poet Ariosto, who was influenced by the Arthurian legend, the theme of this year's festival. Produced by Ian Judge, designed by Gerard Howland & conducted by Anthony Hose. The cast includes Eirian James, Meryl Drower & James Bowman. July 31, Aug 2, 7, 9.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

Box office: 21 Market St, Edinburgh (031-225 5756, cc).

Oberon. In celebration of this year's theme, the Scottish Enlightenment, the festival is mounting its own production of Weber's opera, based on a poem inspired by the ficti-



Bernard Haitink conducts at the Proms on Aug 17, 28, 29 and at Glyndebourne.

tious Ossian. The cast includes Elizabeth Connell, Philip Langridge, Peter Lindroos & Benjamin Luxon. It is conducted by Seiji Ozawa. Usher Hall. Aug 10, 12, 14.

Maly Theatre of Leningrad. Echoing this year's emphasis on the music of Tchaikovsky, this Russian company performs his *Queen of Spades* & *Eugene Onegin*; also *Maria Stuart* by the contemporary Russian composer Sergei Slonimsky. King's Theatre. Aug 18-25.

Folkopera of Stockholm. A popular company whose productions run in Stockholm for a year at a time, bring their version of *Aida*. Leith Theatre. Aug 26-30.

National Youth Music Theatre. This company of children & young people perform Britten's *Let's Make an Opera* & David Nield's *The Ragged Child*. George Sq Theatre. Aug 11-30.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

Il trovatore. The season opens with one of Verdi's most popular operas, conducted by James Lockhart. Jane Eaglen, who gave a notable performance as Queen Elizabeth I in Donizetti's *Mary Stuart*, sings Leonora, & Kenneth Collins is Manrico. Aug 27, 30.

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA

Glyndebourne, Lewes, E Sussex (0273 812411). Until Aug 15.

★Don Giovanni. Richard Stilwell sings the title role, with Richard Van Allan as Leporello, in this revival of Peter Hall's perceptive production. Andrew Davis conducts until July 30, when Bernard Haitink takes over. July 25, 28, 30, Aug 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15.

L'incoronazione di Poppea. Revival of Peter Hall's production. July 27, 31, Aug 2. REVIEW ON P66.

★★Porgy & Bess. New production by Trevor Nunn. July 26, 29, Aug 1, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. REVIEW ON P66.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS OPERA

The Mikado, as originally produced at Sadler's Wells Theatre by Christopher Renshaw, goes on tour.

Theatre Royal, Bath (0225 65065, cc). Aug 18-23. Empire Theatre, Sunderland (0783 42517, cc). Aug 26-30.

OPERA FACTORY LONDON SINFONIETTA Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3161, cc 928 8800).

Yan Tan Tethera. Aug 5, 7, 9; 12, 19, 23, 28. **Così fan tutte**. Aug 1, 6, 11, 17, 20, 22, 25, 27, 30. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P14.

BALLET

BOLSHOI BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066, 240 1911, cc).

Raymonda. July 25, 29, Aug 1, 8.

The Golden Age. July 30, 31, Aug 2 (m & e), 4, 5.

Spartacus. Aug 6, 7 (m & e), 9 (m & e).

Palace Theatre, Manchester (061-236 9922, cc 061-236 8012).

Raymonda; Divertissements including *Spring Waters* & *Spartacus Act II*. Aug 12-16. Hippodrome, Birmingham (021-622 7486 cc).

The Golden Age; Divertissements. Aug 18-23.

Big Top, Battersea Park.

Divertissements. Aug 26-30. Tickets from The Bolshoi Ballet in the Park, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ or from Keith Prowse (741 9999, cc) or First Call (240 7200, cc).

LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET

Festival Hall, South Bank SE1 (928 3161, cc 928 8800).

Giselle. July 28-Aug 2.

Romeo & Juliet. Ashton's version. Aug 4-9.

Coppélia. Aug 11-16.

PACO PEÑA & HIS FLAMENCO DANCE COMPANY

Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

Spectacular Spanish fiesta to the accompaniment of Peña's flamenco guitar. Aug 12-17 (Aug 16, 17 m & e).

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

Box office: 21 Market St, Edinburgh (031-225 5756, cc).

Lyon Opéra Ballet. Maguy Marin's production of *Cinderella*, music by Prokofiev, sets the fairy tale in a world of toys & rag dolls. Playhouse. Aug 12-15, 16 (m & e).

Ballet of the Great Theatre, Warsaw. Lavish production of *Sleeping Beauty*. Music by Tchaikovsky, choreography by Piotre Goussiev of the Kirov, after Petipa. Playhouse. Aug 18-22, 23 (m & e).

London Festival Ballet's LFB2. Première of *Petrouchka Variations* by John Neumeier, music by Stravinsky; Christopher Bruce's *Land*; Michael Clark's *Drop Your Pearls & Hog It, Girl*. Royal Lyceum. Aug 11, 12; 13 (m & e).

GALLERIES

Visitors are advised to check August bank holiday opening times.

AIR GALLERY

6 & 8 Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 7751).

The New Sculpture Show. Connoisseurs of the way-out might like to sample this site-specific sculpture by young artists. The show makes the usual claim to be utterly new & original, & the equally usual claim to civic virtue because of community involvement. One work by Mark Ingham is sited on railings & buildings around Clerkenwell Rd & Mount Pleasant, & uses a range of locally "found" materials including bottles from the nearby Booth's gin warehouse. Until Aug 31. Tues-Fri, 11am-6pm, Sat & Sun noon-4pm.

BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Barbican Centre, Silk St, EC2 (638 4141).

Rabindranath Tagore. Traditional Indian painting is fashionable at the moment, but modern art from India has a hard time gaining recognition. The father of modern Bengali painting was the poet & philosopher Rabin-

dranath Tagore, who took up painting only at the age of 67. This is the first exhibition of his work in London for more than 40 years. Aug 28-Oct 5.

Tues-Sat 10am-6.45pm. Sun & Aug 25, noon-5.45pm.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE
Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535).

Jamaican Intuitive Art. Work by painters who are mostly self-taught, often showing strong influences from Rastafarianism. The star of the show is Mallica "Kapo" Reynolds. (SEE HIGHLIGHTS P13). Aug 21-Oct 3. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm.

CRAFTS COUNCIL GALLERY

12 Waterloo Pl, SW1 (930 4811).

Second Crafts Council Open: Musical Instruments. Includes early & folk musical instruments of David Munrow, the early-music pioneer who died 10 years ago. Until Aug 31. £2, concessions £1. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

ANTHONY D'OFFAY

9 & 23 Dering St, W1 (499 4100).

Andy Warhol: Self-portrait 1986. The pop artist's latest self-portraits. Until Aug 22. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

FISCHER FINE ART

30 King St, SW1 (839 3942).

The Human Touch. There is still time to see this excellent selection of new talent, made by Mary-Rose Beaumont. It includes work by Christopher Cook & Ansel Krut, two young lions recently graduated from the Royal College of Art, & sculpture by Anthony Lysyia who made a big hit in the 1984 Olympia Art Fair. Until Aug 8. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (261 0127).

Dreams of a Summer Night. The British art world has always been reluctant to acknowledge peripheral cultures. This show

expands our view, with superb Nordic symbolists & expressionists, among them Hamershoi & Gallen-Kallela. Until Oct 5.

L'Amour Fou: Photography & Surrealism. The Surrealists liked their photography "cooked"—with double exposures, solarization & the use of photomontage. The exhibition demonstrates how they seized the camera, with its apparently unbreakable link to the real, & used it to create fantastic images. Until Oct 5.

£2.50; concessions & everybody all day Mon, & after 6pm Tues & Wed £1.50. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm.

MATTHIESEN FINE ART

7-8 Mason's Yard, Duke St, SW1 (930 2437).

Baroque Three: The Evolution of the Style. The show includes work by Italian masters of the High Baroque—Giordano, Salvator Rosa, Castiglione & Guido Reni—plus works by northerners who visited Italy. Until Aug 15. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

The Artist's Eye: Patrick Caulfield. Caulfield's choice demonstrates two self-confessed prejudices—against narrative & against religious imagery. Until Aug 10. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

John Player Portrait Award 1986. The winners & selected entries from this prestigious portrait competition, now in its seventh year. Until Aug 31.

Twenty for Today: New Portrait Photography. Features the talents of 20 leading photographers aged under 40. Until Aug 25. 50p, concessions 25p.

Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

NEW GRAFTON GALLERY

49 Church Rd, Barnes, SW13 (748 8850).

Artists of Today & Tomorrow: Part II.

The work of Dame Elisabeth Frink, Mary Fedden, Ken Howard & John Nash is exhibited beside that of younger, lesser-known artists. Until Sept 6. Tues-Sat 10am-5.30pm.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

218th Summer Exhibition. Among major names John Hoyland, Tom Phillips, Craigie Aitchison & Anthony Green come off well. Surprisingly, Patrick Heron has come in this year with *White Garden Painting, May 25-June 12 1985* in Gallery IV, alongside work by Hoyland & Victor Pasmore. REVIEWED JULY, 1986. Until Aug 24. Daily 10am-6pm. £2.40, concessions & everybody on Sun until 1.45pm £1.60, children £1.20.

SOTHEBY'S

Conduit St Galleries, W1 (493 8080).

Made For Music. A show of historic musical instruments organized by the Galpin Society. Early exhibits include a lira da braccio—predecessor of the violin & played in the crook of the arm—made by Francesco Linarola in 1563. Aug 11-22. Mon-Fri 9.30am-4.30pm, Sat, Sun 10am-4pm. £1, concessions 50p.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Barry Flanagan: Prints & Sculpture. Flanagan's major success as a sculptor is one of the oddities of our time, given his apparent determination to send up the whole creative process. His drawings & prints are different in kind: they show the ineradicable gift of the natural draughtsman. Until Aug 31.

Oscar Kokoschka 1886-1980. Kokoschka's career has a strange trajectory: he begins as a mixture of Jugendstil & Expressionism, passes through a period of visionary force, & reaches an old age where the brushstrokes remain just as agitated, even though the intensity behind them has long departed. Until Aug 10. FEATURED JUNE, 1986.

Jasper Johns: "Savarin" Monotypes. Johns is one of the thriftiest recyclers in the business. These 17 monotypes use proofs of the lithograph *Savarin*. Until Aug 31. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

From Two Worlds. Belated recognition of Caribbean artists working in Britain. Until Sept 7. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Wed until 8pm.

MUSEUMS

BOILERHOUSE

V&A, Exhibition Rd, SW7 (581 5273).

Communication through Commodities.

A look at British youth culture over the past 40 years—the teenage image created by advertisers & its importance for the consumer industry. Until Aug 28. Sat-Thurs 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

Archaeology in Britain: New Views of the Past.

Achievements of the past 40 years are graphically explained. "Pete Marsh", the 2,500-year-old legless corpse from Cheshire, makes his live debut. Until Feb 15, 1987. £1.50, concessions 50p.

Florentine Drawings of the 16th Century.

Drawings from the BM's outstanding collection by Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto & others. Until Aug 17. REVIEWED ON P66 ➡➡

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LL29 7RE.



Table Talk by Allen Jones at the Victoria & Albert Museum. The lithograph is one of a selection from the Bradford International Print Biennale. As well as the work of Jim Dine, Patrick Caulfield, Richard Hamilton and R. B. Kitaj the show includes first-time exhibits from Russia and China.

MUSEUMS continued

Contemporary Japanese Crafts. Traditional masks & miniature sculptures are shown alongside jewelry, lacquered boxes & ceramic masks that reflect a more international outlook. Until Aug 17.

Money: From Cowrie Shells to Credit Cards. Traces the story of money from its origins to the present day. Until Oct 26.

St Augustine of Hippo (354-430). 1,600th anniversary celebration of the conversion to Christianity of a saint considered the first genius of the western Church. Until Sept 28. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM

Lambeth Rd, SE1 (735 8922).

Battle of the Somme. Letters, diaries, photographs & souvenirs go on show to mark the 70th anniversary of the bloodbath in which more than one million men died. Until Aug 25. Voluntary donation, suggested £1, concessions 50p. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm.

LONDON TRANSPORT MUSEUM

The Piazza, Covent Garden, WC2 (379 6344).

Routemaster: Monarch of the Road. An exhibition celebrating 30 years of London's Routemaster bus. Until spring, 1987. £2.20, concessions £1. Daily 10am-6pm. The children's Railriders' Club hold a fun day in the Piazza on Aug 16.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

Let's Face It. Fashions in faces & hairstyles from 1700 onwards, illustrating the extraordinary human impulse to put a new face on top of the one we already have. Until Sept 28. Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323).

Antarctica: A Continent for Science. A reconstructed Antarctic base camp includes displays of scientific experiments by explorers. Until Oct 19. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE

Chancery Lane, WC2 (405 0741).

The Domesday Exhibition. A fascinating study that reveals how the English farmed & fed, what the landscape looked like & who lorded it over whom in the year 1086. Until Sept 30. £2.50, concessions £1.25. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

TRADESCANT TRUST MUSEUM OF GARDEN HISTORY

St Mary-at-Lambeth, Lambeth Palace Rd, SE1.

Botanical paintings and plant studies by Magda Clark, who has spent the past seven years making perfect studies of plants & has work in the 1986 RA Summer Exhibition. Aug 1-27. Mon-Fri 11am-3pm, Sun 10.30am-5pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

American Potters Today. A recently donated collection, formed with the museum in mind by leading expert in the field, Garth Clark, shows the variety & energy of contemporary American ceramics. Until Aug 31.

Bradford International Print Biennale. Underpublicized & underfinanced, the Print Biennale gives a broader survey of what is happening in art worldwide than any show of paintings. Although this is only a selection from the Bradford show it is still worth seeing. Until Sept 21.

Masterpieces of Photography 1839-1986. A retrospective showing the evolution of the art of photography, starting with one



The Raving Beauties at the Cottesloe—Anna Carteret, Sue Jones-Davies and Frances Viner—read from *Fat Like the Sun* by Anna Swir.

of the earliest daguerrotypes taken in Whitehall in 1839 & culminating in contemporary British work. Until Nov 30.

William Mulready. Early Victorian painting remains less well known than that of the Pre-Raphaelites & their successors. William Mulready will make new friends for the art of the period—he has much of the sparkle of Wilkie & perhaps an even greater degree of technical accomplishment. Until Oct 12.

Voluntary donation, suggested £2, concessions 50p. Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

LECTURES

COTTESLOE, NATIONAL THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (928 2033).

The Raving Beauties—Anna Carteret, Sue Jones-Davies & Frances Viner—read from Anna Swir's new book of poetry, *Fat Like the Sun*, translated from the Polish by Margaret Marshment & Grazyna Baran. Aug 28 (same day as publication), 6pm. £2.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

Summer holiday programme for families includes: *Day visit to the Docklands Museum*, Aug 5, 10.30am-2.30pm: tickets in advance, adults £3, children of 10 & over, £2; *Hats Workshop talk*: looking at hats in the collection, Aug 5, 2pm; *The Medieval City of London*, talk, Aug 6, noon, followed by guided walk, 2.15pm; *Leadenhall*, talk followed by a site visit to the excavations of the Roman Basilica, Aug 8, 2pm: free tickets available from noon that day.

NATIONAL FILM THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (928 3232).

Guardian Lecture: John Fowles. The novelist talks to Malcolm Bradbury. Aug 28, 8.45pm. Tickets £2.75, standby £2.20. Also this month the NFT will be showing two films adapted from Fowles's books.

NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

30 minute talks by gallery staff in front of different paintings: *The Annunciation* by Carlo Crivelli, Aug 6; *The Vendramin Family* by Titian, Aug 13; *Mme Moitessier* by Ingres, Aug 20; *Venice: the Feast Day of St Roch* by Canaletto, Aug 27.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323).

British Antarctic Survey: members of the Survey give talks to supplement the Museum's Antarctica exhibition. *Supply lines to Antarctica*, Aug 2; *Antarctic rocks*, Aug 16; *Biology in Antarctica*, Aug 23. All at 3pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

The Artist Abroad: Whistler in Chelsea, Aug 3; *Pissarro & Monet in London*, Aug 10; *William of Sens & Canterbury Cathedral*, Aug 17; *Torrignano at Westminster*, Aug 24; *Tiepolo in Wurzburg*, Aug 31. All at 3.30pm.

History of the Fine & Decorative Arts.

Two-week crash course in European artistic styles from the Middle Ages to the present day. Aug 4-16, excluding Fri & Sun, 11am-4.30pm. £150, concessions £100.

SALEROOMS

BONHAMS

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Cowes Week Marine Auction. Paintings, prints, ship models, ceramics, scrimshaw & other marine artifacts. Included are four coastal views of British ports by William Thornely (estimate: £5,000-£8,000), a pair of watercolours by Charles Gregory showing the Royal Yacht Squadron & the Island Sailing Club, Cowes (£3,000-£5,000). Aug 14, 6pm.

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

Toys & Railwayana. Includes a large selection of Dinky toys. Aug 20, noon.

Linen & Textiles. From Chinese robes to fashions of the 1930s. Aug 21, 11am.

Collectors' Items. The London Press Club closed this year, heavily in debt to its landlords. 100 lots of cartoons, photographs, cups & trophies from the Club are on offer. Aug 27, noon.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Rock 'n' Roll. Sotheby's only London sale in August is their sixth annual rock 'n' roll auction. As usual there is more material relating to the Beatles than other groups. Stuart Sutcliffe's Hofner President bass-guitar c 1959-60, used when he was with the Beatles in Hamburg, is expected to fetch £10,000-

£15,000. A biography of the group called *Beatles From Apple* is annotated, signed & dated (1971) by John Lennon (£10,000-£15,000). George Harrison's first guitar, bought from a schoolfriend for £3, should fetch £500-£800. Elvis Presley's Silver Phantom Rolls-Royce is estimated to fetch £100,000. Aug 28, 10.30am & 2.30pm.

SPORT

AMERICAN FOOTBALL

American Bowl 86, Chicago Bears v Dallas Cowboys, Wembley Stadium. Aug 3. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P8.

ATHLETICS

Commonwealth Games, Edinburgh. July 26-Aug 2.

Kodak Classic, Great Britain & Northern Ireland v Commonwealth, Gateshead, Tyne & Wear. Aug 5.

IAAF/Mobil Grand Prix meeting, Crystal Palace, SE19. Aug 8.

England v Poland v Wales v Scotland v Netherlands (women), Cophall, nr Hendon. Aug 16.

Great Britain & Northern Ireland v France, Cophall. Aug 23, 24.

European Championships, Stuttgart, Germany. Aug 26-31.

CRICKET

Cornhill Insurance Test series: England v New Zealand, Second Test match, Trent Bridge, Nottingham, Aug 7-9, 11, 12; Third Test match, The Oval, Aug 21-23, 25, 26.

EQUESTRIANISM

World FEI four-in-hand Driving Championship, Ascot Racecourse, Berks (Aug 16, cross-country "marathon" phase in Windsor Great Park). Aug 13-17.

Silk Cut Showjumping Derby, Hickstead, near Haywards Heath, W Sussex. Aug 24.

FOOTBALL

General Motors FA Charity Shield, Liverpool v Everton, Wembley Stadium. Aug 16.

Football League season starts. Aug 23.

GOLF

Benson & Hedges International, Fulford GC, near York. Aug 14-17.

HORSE RACING

"Glorious Goodwood" week, Goodwood, W Sussex. July 29-Aug 2.

Benson & Hedges Gold Cup, York. Aug 19.

William Hill Sprint Championship, York. Aug 21.

Waterford Crystal Mile, Goodwood. Aug 23.

MOTOR-RACING

Halford's Birmingham Super Prix, Birmingham city centre. Aug 24, 25.

Formula 3,000 cars race at up to 200mph on a 2½ mile city-centre circuit.

MOTORCYCLE RACING

British Grand Prix, Silverstone. Aug 2, 3.

ROWING

World Rowing Championships, Holme Pierrepont, Nottingham. Aug 17-24.

SAILING

Cowes Week, Cowes, Isle of Wight. Aug 2-10.

SURFING

Foster's Surfmasters' World Championship series, Newquay, Cornwall. Aug 19-24.

Contributors: Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Sally Richardson, Ursula Robertshaw, J. C. Trewin. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01- in front of London telephone numbers if calling from outside the capital.


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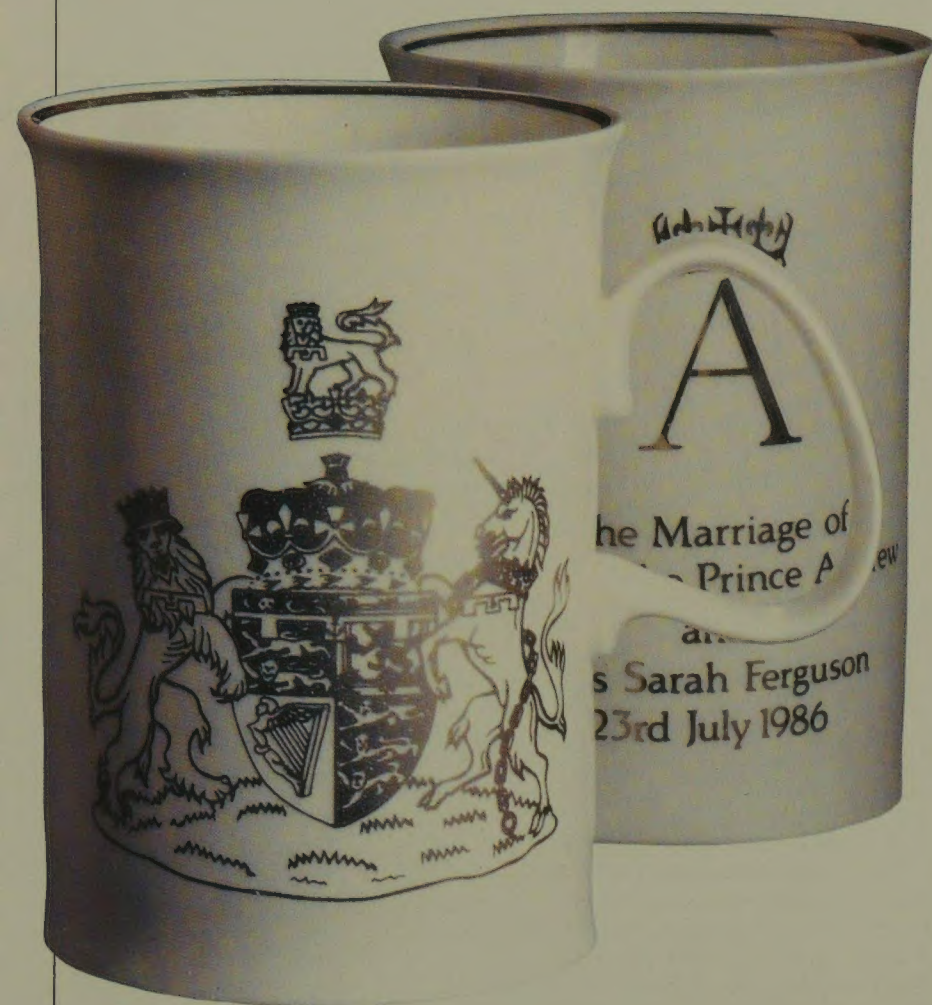
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